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THANKSGIVING

Working Girls With Big Ideas

BOOTBLACK to BARBER to BANKER

By William Engle

AT FIRST no one paid any attention to the two strangers who entered the Addison (Michigan) State Bank recently and quietly sat down on a mahogany bench. Miss Flaude Cleveland, the bank's president, in her office at the rear, was not even aware of their presence.

She had no inkling that they were about to provide her the most tumultuous day in 40 years of banking.

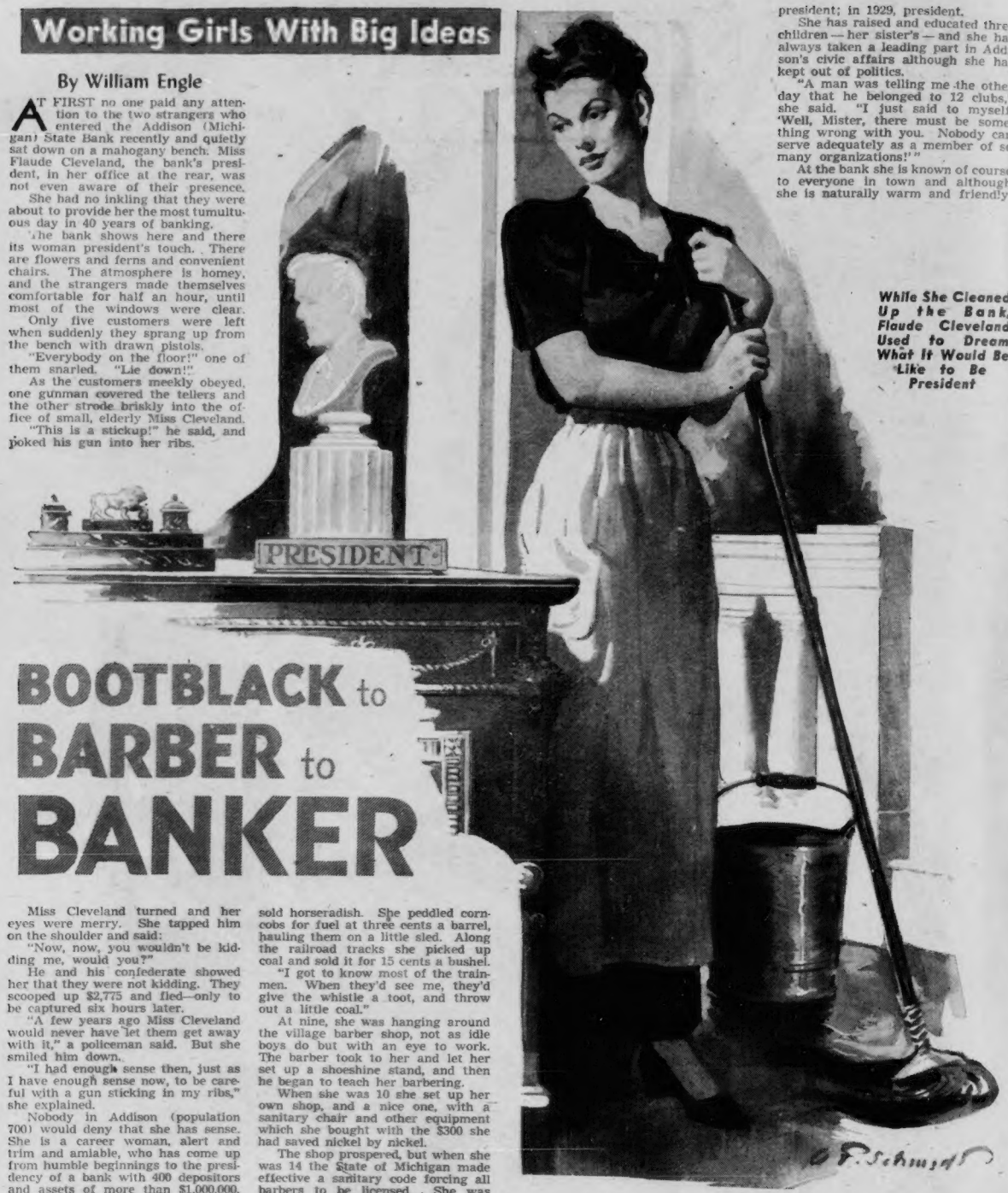
The bank shows here and there its woman president's touch. There are flowers and ferns and convenient chairs. The atmosphere is homey, and the strangers made themselves comfortable for half an hour, until most of the windows were clear.

Only five customers were left when suddenly they sprang up from the bench with drawn pistols.

"Everybody on the floor!" one of them snarled. "Lie down!"

As the customers meekly obeyed, one gunman covered the tellers and the other strode briskly into the office of small, elderly Miss Cleveland.

"This is a stickup!" he said, and poked his gun into her ribs.



While She Cleaned Up the Bank, Flaude Cleveland Used to Dream What It Would Be Like to Be President

Miss Cleveland turned and her eyes were merry. She tapped him on the shoulder and said:

"Now, now, you wouldn't be kidding me, would you?"

He and his confederate showed her that they were not kidding. They scooped up $2,775 and fled—only to be captured six hours later.

"A few years ago Miss Cleveland would never have let them get away with it," a policeman said. But she smiled him down.

"I had enough sense then, just as I have enough sense now, to be careful with a gun sticking in my ribs," she explained.

Nobody in Addison (population 700) would deny that she has sense. She is a career woman, alert and trim and amiable, who has come up from humble beginnings to the presidency of a bank with 400 depositors and assets of more than $1,000,000.

Once she blacked the boots of Addison's leading citizens. Now, at 65, she is a leading citizen herself, a comfort to many in trouble and an authority on business and finance.

In her roomy house with its fine pieces of old furniture, above a rock garden and flowers in the yard, she leafed through a scrapbook the other day, and called up the years that were harder than the years are now.

"I was a saloon keeper's daughter in a town where a good many people weren't very tolerant of saloons," she said. "I knew as a child the pain you get when you are looked down on and I knew that somehow I was going to make good on my own."

She began with a newspaper route when she was seven years old. She sold horseradish. She peddled corncobs for fuel at three cents a barrel, hauling them on a little sled. Along the railroad tracks she picked up coal and sold it for 15 cents a bushel.

"I got to know most of the trainmen. When they'd see me, they'd give the whistle a toot, and throw out a little coal."

At nine, she was hanging around the village barber shop, not as idle boys do but with an eye to work. The barber took to her and let her set up a shoeshine stand, and then he began to teach her barbering.

When she was 10 she set up her own shop, and a nice one, with a sanitary chair and other equipment which she bought with the $300 she had saved nickel by nickel.

The shop prospered, but when she was 14 the State of Michigan made effective a sanitary code forcing all barbers to be licensed. She was unabashed. In Detroit she passed the state examination and became the state's first feminine barber.

At that time she adopted a manner of dress from which she has not deviated. It is severe.

"Most of the wives were a little suspicious about letting their husbands go to a lady barber," she said the other day. "I had to convince them that I was strictly business."

Later she left Addison and for two years worked in barber shops across the country, including a 12-chair, all-woman shop in San Francisco. Yet she liked that little town where she was born and she went back to it, reopening her little shop.

Illustrated by O. F. SCHMIDT

Her old customers returned to her, and some new ones came, and one remarkable day a new one she had never seen before. He had come to town to open a bank.

"After a while I asked him for a job, and got it, at $20 a month. I told him, 'I won't be worth a dime to you at first. I don't know the first thing about the banking business. But I do know how to do janitor work.'"

She went on the payroll as janitor, and in a little while she had the dual role of janitor-bookkeeper.

Two years from the time she walked, untutored, for the first time into the bank, she became cashier in 1909. In 1918 she was made vice-president; in 1929, president.

She has raised and educated three children — her sister's — and she has always taken a leading part in Addison's civic affairs although she has kept out of politics.

"A man was telling me the other day that he belonged to 12 clubs," she said. "I just said to myself, 'Well, Mister, there must be something wrong with you. Nobody can serve adequately as a member of so many organizations!'"

At the bank she is known of course to everyone in town and although she is naturally warm and friendly, she has dignity and reserve.

"I've been able to be of service to a good many people. That's the way I see life—as an opportunity for service to others," she says.

The little amenities, she thinks, count as much sometimes as more impressive deeds, and she runs the bank on that theory. She isn't one to stand on formality or custom.

After she leafed through the scrapbook the other day, she went to the bank and was there at closing time just as a man dashed up to the door, a second too late to be admitted.

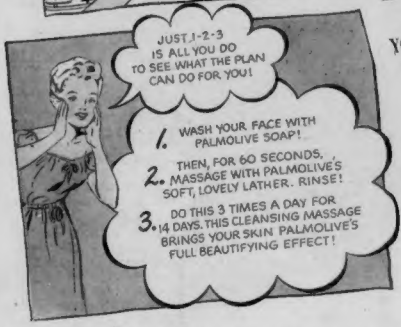
"What is it?" she inquired.

"A draft," he replied.

"Come on in," she said as she opened the door. "We'll handle it."

DOCTORS PROVE 2 out of 3 Women can have LOVELIER SKIN IN 14 DAYS!

ON ICE, THAT'S ME—ESPECIALLY IN THE ROMANCE DEPARTMENT! OH, MARY—I'VE JUST GOT TO FIND A WAY TO HELP MY DULL, OILY COMPLEXION!
DON'T GIVE UP UNTIL YOU'VE TRIED THE 14-DAY PALMOLIVE PLAN, BABS—IT'S PROBABLY ALL YOUR SKIN NEEDS!
WHY, MARY—WAS IT THE PALMOLIVE PLAN THAT MADE YOUR COMPLEXION SO SMOOTH-LOOKING?
OF COURSE! REMEMBER, 36 DOCTORS...LEADING SKIN SPECIALISTS...TESTED THE PALMOLIVE PLAN ON 1285 WOMEN AND PROVED IT CAN BRING A LOVELIER COMPLEXION TO 2 OUT OF 3...IN JUST 14 DAYS!


JUST 1-2-3 IS ALL YOU DO TO SEE WHAT THE PLAN CAN DO FOR YOU!
1. WASH YOUR FACE WITH PALMOLIVE SOAP!
2. THEN, FOR 60 SECONDS, MASSAGE WITH PALMOLIVE'S SOFT, LOVELY LATHER. RINSE!
3. DO THIS 3 TIMES A DAY FOR 14 DAYS. THIS CLEANSING MASSAGE BRINGS YOUR SKIN PALMOLIVE'S FULL BEAUTIFYING EFFECT!

YOU, TOO, may look for these skin improvements in only 14 DAYS!

If you want a complexion the envy of every woman—the admiration of every man—start the 14-Day Palmolive Plan tonight!

Remember, the Palmolive Plan was tested on 1285 women of all ages—from fifteen to fifty—with all types of skin. Dry! Oily! Normal! Young! Older! And 2 out of 3 of these women got noticeable complexion improvement in just 14 days! No matter what skin care they had used before.

Reason enough for every woman who longs for a lovelier complexion to start this new Beauty Plan with Palmolive Soap!

P.S. For Tub...For Shower...Get the New, Big, Thrifty Bath Size Palmolive!

Great **NEW** Colgate-Palmolive-Peet **SUDS** cleans faster, cleaner... is **milder** to hands

VEL* cuts dishwashing time in half!

Dishes, glassware gleam without wiping!

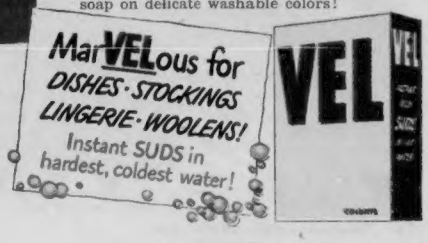
All you do is wash and rinse dishes and glassware . . . They'll gleam without wiping when you wash with Vel! Vel leaves no soap scum or streaky film to polish away. Pots and pans get clean quicker and easier because Vel removes grease faster, more completely than soap. Leaves no dishpan ring to scrub out. Vel cleans dishes cleaner than soap and saves up to half your dishwashing time!

Stockings stay sheerer-looking... lovelier!

Vel preserves the beauty of stockings better than even finest soap flakes! Vel leaves no soap scum in stockings or other fine washables. Stockings rinse clear; stay sheer. Vel does away with soap-fading. It's easier than soap on delicate washable colors!

Milder to Hands than soap!

Actual skin tests made by an independent laboratory (name furnished on request) prove that Vel is milder to hands than any other leading product made for washing dishes and fine fabrics.



*VEL is the trade-mark of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company.

Remarriage OF THE 'POCKET VENUS'

By Warren Hall

THE TALL, dashing bridegroom beamed as he said "I do" and the petite blond bride was radiant. Admiring spectators in the staid Edinburgh registry office confided in whispers that Lord Inverchapel and his "pocket Venus" looked even more romantic than when they had first been married 18 years before.

He was plain Archibald Clark Kerr then, British ambassador to Chile, and she was Maria Teresa Diaz Salas, "the prettiest girl in Santiago" and the sprightly sprig of one of its oldest and wealthiest families. Their remarriage, two years after his divorce and six years after they separated, was an outstanding example of what seems to be a trend toward reunion among divorced couples.

The Kerrs had been through plenty together. Two years after the 46-year-old diplomat married the 22-year-old heiress in 1929, he was transferred to Sweden. They spent four years there. Three years in Iraq followed, and it was there that the late King Feisal first called the embassy's hostess a "pocket Venus."

This period was full of glamour and excitement for the envoy's wife. But when Sir Archibald, as he had then become, was ordered to China in 1938, Lady Maria learned that an ambassador's mate must share his grief as well as his glory. When she climbed from a musty shelter beneath the stables after their Chungking home was wrecked by a Japanese bomb in 1941, it ended an era.

Sir Archibald kissed her good-by on a Nanking River wharf as she left with the other wives of the diplomatic corps. And he didn't see her again until 1943, when he flew halfway around the world for a secret rendezvous in New York, where she had gone to live.

Maria, who was serving as a nurse's aide, presumably gave him the brush-off, because he won a divorce in Edinburgh a few weeks later on the ground of desertion. He was given the title of Lord Inverchapel and sent to Britain's most vital diplomatic post—Washington.

New York was just around the corner. The ambassador made several trips there to see the woman he had never stopped loving. When he sailed to England last summer for his first vacation in 10 years, she had already preceded him. Their second marriage in Edinburgh wasn't a surprise.

In fact, there are more remarriages today than ever before. That's due, some people say, to the fact that there are more divorces and, consequently, more reconciliations.

In 1946, divorces in the United States hit an all-time high of 620,000, a rate of almost one in every four of 2,600,000 marriages.

The Kerrs had been separated only half a dozen years, but in Long Beach, Calif., the other day, Frank L. Rector, 75, remarried the wife who had divorced him 27 years before.

The marriage chart of Mrs. George Ettinger of San Francisco is unique, even in matrimonial circles. She had her own theory of how to hold a husband by loosening him. Last year—after being three times wed and shed—from George Ettinger she married him a fourth time.

Gene Krupa, the handsome orchestra leader, who's a demon on the drums, cited himself as the culprit and cause of his divorce from the former Ethel Fawcett in 1942. They rewed in January, 1946.

"We were first married in 1933," Krupa said. "I was a struggling musician. When success finally came it was too rich for my blood."

After the divorce, Krupa squired such glamour girls as Lana Turner and Carol Bruce. Meanwhile, his ex-wife made no bones about it to her friends that she was still madly in love with her ex-husband.

She had an opportunity to show not only her love but her loyalty in 1945 when Krupa got into a jam with federal authorities over alleged possession of marijuana. She stood by Krupa, who served a short jail term.

Another bandleader's wife, Mrs. Freddie Martin, doesn't believe that reasons for remarrying can be applied generally. She married the music maestro in December, 1930, and divorced him in February, 1946. They had one son, Freddie, Jr., now 15. The Martins remarried within a year.

"A successful remarriage all depends upon the people involved," Mrs. Martin maintained. "We are happy now, but we were happy most of the time before. Yet, when the break came, I could see no other solution but divorce.

"After the divorce, Freddie courted me constantly. I kept saying no and finally said yes. We were in love all the time."

A real voice of matrimonial experience is Albert Putnam (Put) Humphreys, a New York diamond merchant and cafe society figure. He and his present wife, the former Geraldine Higgins, daughter of a Wall Street wizard, have a combined total of eight marriages.

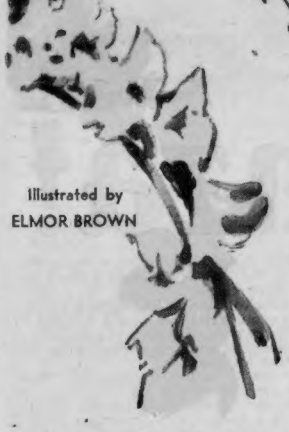
He first married Barbara Shanton in 1931, when he was 18. Upon their divorce, in 1935, he married Miss Higgins. She sued him for divorce in 1938, charging he owed her $45,000. She forgave him two wives later. In the interim, while Humphreys married and divorced Alice Anderson and Beverly Parker (now Paterno), the ex-and-current Mrs. Humphreys wed actor Paul Douglas. In spells between other marriages, the Humphreys dated each other, and resumed being man and wife in September, 1946.

Lady Inverchapel—"The Prettiest Girl in Santiago" —Changed Her Mind and Said "I Do" for the Second Time to the Same Man.

There's New Inspiration for the Renowned Pianist — No Fear of the Past, Just Confidence in the Future.

RIGHT GIRL for *Eddy Duchin*

It Was His Son Who Suggested: 'Dad, I Think You Need a Wife to Take Care of You.'



Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN

By Joan King Flynn

"MARGIE, I'm always thinking of you, Margie."

Night after night, Eddy Duchin used to play that wistful melody in New York City's old Central Park Casino.

Night after night, too, Marjorie Oelrichs used to sit at a ringside table, dreamy-eyed and smiling, as she watched his skillful fingers rippling over the piano keys.

That was the way Eddy won Marjorie, back in the '30s, when the Casino (long since demolished) was the favorite haunt of Cafe Society and he was making his name as an orchestra leader.

What did it matter if he was the son of a druggist in Cambridge, Mass., and she the descendant of a socially prominent family, with many friends and connections in the most exclusive circles?

They were very much in love and besides the pattern for Broadway-Park Avenue romances had already been set, with such notable success, by the famous marriage of Irving Berlin and Ellin Mackay.

Marjorie once summed up her attitude, succinctly enough, when she was informed that her marriage had caused her name to be dropped from the Social Register.

"Who cares?" she said. "It's only a private telephone book."

With a girl like that to help and inspire him, was it any wonder that talented Eddy Duchin had come right on up and was all set to go places?

Or any wonder that it took him 10 long years to find someone worthy of replacing her, after her tragic death?

They were married, Eddy and Marjorie, on June 5, 1935, and Marjorie died on August 3, 1937, six days after the birth of a son, Peter Oelrichs Duchin.

In the years that followed Duchin, now only 38, singled out no special girl to serenade. To repeated, well-meaning queries of his friends as to why he didn't marry again, he always replied:

"I just haven't found the right girl."

Last summer, Peter brought up the subject, too, but he didn't ask. He said:

"Dad, I think you need a wife to take care of you."

Peter knew, and his father knew, Duchin had finally found the right girl.

She is Maria Teresa "Chiquita" Winn, a 33-year-old widow.

Her engagement to the handsome musician was announced during September in London by her mother, Mrs. Montague Paske-Smith.

When plans for the wedding were discussed, Peter served notice he wanted to be there.

Instead of a trousseau, Chiquita went out shopping immediately for a home. She is looking for a seven-room apartment with a living room large enough for two grand pianos. It will be the first that Duchin and his son have had together. Since he was an infant, the boy has been cared for by Marie Harriman, wife of Secretary of Commerce William Averell Harriman, and a friend of Duchin for many years.

The pianist's work prevented him from being with the boy regularly. He busied himself with radio and personal appearances with his band. His popularity grew, but in 1942 Duchin gave it all up to enlist in the Navy. After a distinguished career on destroyer escort duty, he won an honorable discharge as a lieutenant-commander in 1945.

Duchin never dramatized the tragedy of his wife's death. The greatest eulogy he could pay her was in the time it took for him to find her successor.

The daughter of Mrs. Marjorie Oelrichs and grandniece of Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Marjorie had been an inspiration to his career.

She encouraged him and introduced him to society. She helped in making him the New York Smart Set's favorite orchestra leader.

A lover of music, Marjorie Duchin had dreams of her husband becoming a concert pianist.

Now, at last, Duchin is resuming the broken pattern of that dream. He has disbanded his orchestra. In addition to his regular thrice-weekly radio program, he practices the piano three and four hours daily in preparation for the honeymoon concert tour.

Duchin's initial meeting with Mrs. Winn was a casual one in the home of socialite Mrs. Margaret Emerson, in Honolulu, in the winter of 1943.

During his brief stay there on naval duty he was also entertained by Mrs. Winn and her husband, Montgomery Winn, a British lawyer, 14 years her senior, whom she married when she was 18. She had come to the Islands at 17. Her father was Honolulu's British Consul General.

Chiquita was born in Spain, her mother's native land. She and her only sister, Isabel, wife of the English author, George Miller, were educated in a convent in England. Tall, slender and a vivacious brunette, Chiquita is world-travelled, speaks several languages, is an excellent tennis player and an accomplished hostess. Her Honolulu home was a showplace.

Following Winn's death last year, his widow, who is childless, came to New York in April, en route to London. Duchin invited her to dinner, and the romance started.

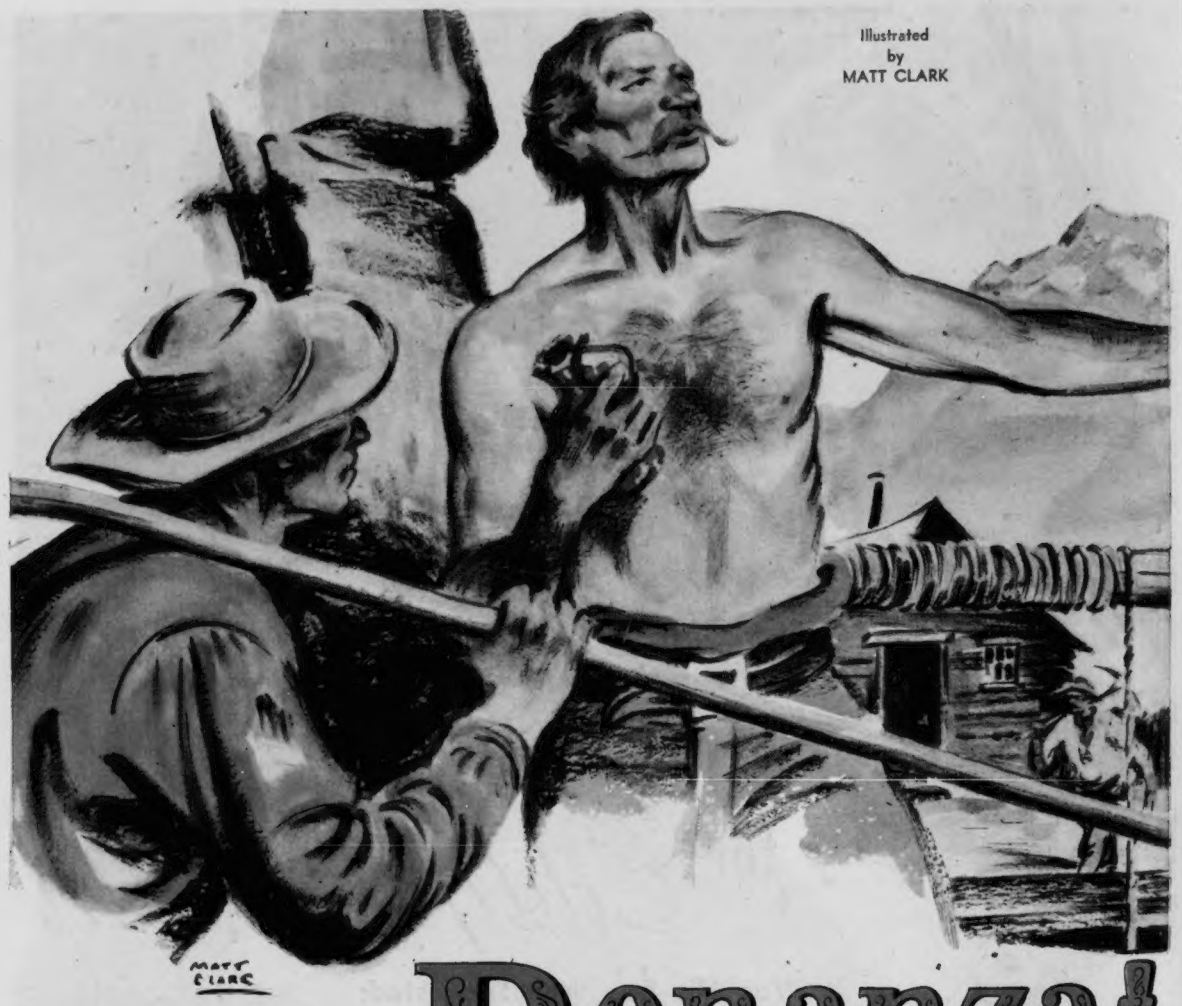
Duchin's close friends without exception approve completely his choice of a second wife.

One of his friends said:

"When Eddy started to court Chiquita, he realized she could mean as much to him as Marjorie had, and also that she would make a wonderful mother for Peter. They were both wild about her right from the beginning of the courtship."

Now, when the pianist plays Chiquita's favorite number, "The Anniversary Song," its words have special meaning. Each of them has suffered a great loss.

They have no fear of the past—just confidence in the future. Their own love story is beginning.



Illustrated by MATT CLARK

Bonanza!

By Gene Coughlin

THE big man with the big mustache eased himself out of the hillside hole, wiped his hands on a bandanna, and spoke reverently.

"This," he said, "is the richest hill in the world!"

"Gold?" whispered his companion. The big man shook his head.

"Silver?" Another shake of the head. Marcus Daly put his bandanna away, smoothed his drooping mustache, and said:

"Copper! Copper that I learned the feel of, and the smell of when I was selling newspapers in New York. Copper that will make men as rich as the silver in the Comstock Lode or the gold of California. It's another bonanza, as they call 'em."

Thus at Butte, Montana, in 1876 the history of American bonanzas was repeating itself; promising one thing and yielding another. Men had rushed to Nevada's Comstock Lode and Colorado's Leadville district to dig gold—and stayed to reap fortunes in silver.

Some of the same men had rushed to *Alder* Gulch in Montana Territory to dig gold, then silver and, finally, to mine copper that made battling multimillionaires of three day laborers: Marcus Daly, William Andrews Clark and F. Augustus Heinze.

All because of a housing shortage at near-by Alder Gulch.

Gold was discovered in *Alder* Gulch, southwestern Montana Territory, in 1863—and the rush was on as thousands of men stampeded to the site.

Johnny Come Latelys of 1864 found no room to pitch a tent, stake a claim, or even swing a pick in the booming gulch.

Some headed west towards the Comstock Lode and its silver, the California diggings and gold. Others, including William Allison, Denis Leary and G. O. Humphrey, drifted northeast from Alder Gulch, to the foot of the mountain that was to become "the richest hill in the world" and the landmark of Butte.

They found gold and laid out the town boundaries of Butte in 1866. But the gold was hard to extract from the ore and the get-rich-quick miners moved *on*, leaving the population of Butte below the *hundred* mark.

There was enough silver in the ore to pay the cost of freighting it by wagon and boat to smelters in New Jersey but the hill's real treasure—copper—was regarded as a nuisance and practically worthless by the time it was reclaimed some two thousand miles away.

The young town of Butte was apathetic when William Andrews Clark arrived in 1872 "just to look around."

He had been "looking around" most of the years since his birth on a Pennsylvania farm in 1839. The Clark family migrated to Missouri in 1856 and young Clark, while completing his self-education, taught country school until 1862, when he joined the parade moving towards the goldfields of Nevada, California and Colorado.

At the end of his first season of prospecting in Jeff Davis Gulch, Clark had washed out several thousand dollars' worth of gold in Colorado Creek but unlike his associates, he didn't "hole up" in bustling Bannack for the winter.

The same driving force that was to make him one of the richest men in the world was at work. He travelled as far east as St. Louis, buying and selling supplies and cattle, always at a profit; a profit that enabled him to make loans in Helena at interest of 2 per cent a month, and open a bank in Deer Lodge.

When he wasn't prospecting or trading, he was reading textbooks on geology and legal treatises on contracts. At 33 William Andrews Clark was reckoned a millionaire and a mining expert. He "looked around" Butte in 1872, and took controlling options on the Original, Mountain Chief, Colusa and Gambetta claims.

Then he went to Columbia University in New York to learn more about metals and mining. By 1876 he had his own stamp mills and refineries at Butte, specializing in silver, and opened another mine, the Frank Moulton.

Clark was No. 1 man in the Territory when Marcus Daly, soon to become his bitter foe, paid Butte a visit as a hired hand for the Walker Brothers of Salt Lake City. Daly had been a hired hand practically since his birth in Ireland in 1841. He had sold newspapers in New York, joined the rush to the Comstock Lode in 1860 where, under men like James Fair and William Mackay, he learned how to "smell out good ore."

This day, in 1876, he must have been impressed by what he smelled in the Alice mine, next to Clark's Frank Moulton, near the top of the hill.

Daly took an option on the Alice—and the fight was on.

SOME reports said the Clark-Daly feud originated because Clark had designs on the Alice, and refused to honor Daly's draft for the option at his Deer Lodge bank. Others insisted it started over water rights, with Clark gouging Daly for the use of the fluid. A third version had it that Clark had made disparaging remarks about James B. Haggin, one of Daly's financial supporters.

Whatever the cause, Daly lost no time in accepting the challenge.

Daly was ready to start operating as his own boss and he found the opportunity in a mine owned by Michael Hickey and called by him the Anaconda. Daly was permitted to examine the claim, and the scent must have been perfect—but it didn't convince the Walker Brothers. They wanted no part of the Anaconda.

Marcus Daly promptly sold his share of the proven Alice for $30,000, gave the money to Hickey

'THE RICHEST HILL IN THE WORLD'

The Burly Man Eased Himself Out of the Mine Shaft. "This," He Said, "Is the Richest Hill in the World. It's Another Bonanza."

for a controlling interest in the Anaconda—a name as famous in copper as the Kohinoor in diamonds.

He needed money for development. It was prompt in arriving, from men who had made money in the Ontario mine on Lake Flat, Utah, a Daly-smelled prospect. George Hearst, Haggin and Lloyd Tevis supplied the funds.

As Daly went deeper into the Anaconda he found it rich in copper, bearing out his claim that the Butte landmark was "the richest hill in the world."

He decided he would need a comparable smelter—"the biggest copper smelting plant in the world."

Clark, the early arrival, had his plants at Butte. Let him keep them—and his influence in Butte.

DALY built his plant 26 miles from Butte and built his own city around it. The city, naturally enough, was called Anaconda.

If Clark, the former school teacher, hadn't developed political ambitions for himself, the history of Montana's statehood might have been a prosaic story and the feud between him and Daly might have died down as the years brought them added millions.

As it was, Clark began to use his newspaper, the Butte Miner, as his political organ.

Daly twirled his lush mustaches and started his own newspaper, the Anaconda Standard.

When Montana became a state and it was necessary to select a permanent capital, Clark advocated Helena, the temporary site.

Daly countered by demanding that Anaconda should be the capital. Both sides spent thousands.

In the popular election, Helena won by 4,000 votes and Clark decided he was riding the crest of political popularity and would ride it into the U. S. Senate.

The state legislature, then charged with the duty of picking the state's senators, battled over the issue for 40 days while Daly's Anaconda Standard proclaimed:

"Clark will be elected if money can buy his election, but in no other way."

He wasn't elected—that time. For six years the feud was restricted to skirmishes, such as a baseball game at Anaconda. Clark's Helena team made the trip on a special train which, with its accessories was reported to have cost $5,000, but it was considered money well spent. The Clark hitters beat the Daly sluggers.

Then, in 1899, Clark tried for the U. S. Senate again, and the Daly forces touched off a bomb calculated to blow William Andrews Clark out of the political picture.

Addressing a joint session of the legislature, a state senator exhibited four envelopes containing $30,000 and declared the money had been given over by Clark agents in return for the votes of himself—Whiteside—W. A. Clark (no relation of the candidate) and two other senators!

Clark, the candidate, called it a plot and renewed his fight. The grand jury and the legislature failed to take steps in any definite direction.

After a long deadlock, the weary legislature voted Clark into Washington as the junior senator from Montana.

Daly took time off from his stable of thoroughbred racing horses to organize another anti-Clark campaign. He financed a committee which duly charged that Clark had been elected by bribery, fraud and other evil practices.

In Washington, the Senate committee on privileges and elections held a three-month hearing to determine whether Clark was entitled to his seat in the upper house. The committee finally decided that his election was "null and void" because of the "briberies and attempted briberies" as set forth by the Daly backed committee.

The second setback might have discouraged the average man, but W. A. Clark wasn't in that category. Governor Robert B. Smith, one of his opponents, was called out of the state while Clark was writing his resignation as senator. The lieutenant governor promptly appointed William Andrews Clark to the vacant seat in the Senate!

Daly roared, and Governor Smith raced back to Helena to rescind the appointment. Clark smiled and made no attempt to have himself seated in Washington.

Daly smiled too, behind his luxuriant mustache, and retired as a conqueror, after turning over most of his copper interests to the Amalgamated Copper Company and its guiding spirits, H. H. Rogers and William Rockefeller.

The retirement was short-lived. Marcus Daly died of Bright's disease in New York on Nov. 12, 1900. Then, and only then, was W. A. Clark able to win his coveted ambition. Montana made him a U. S. Senator the following year.

Daly's fortune at the time of his death was not announced.

An indication of its size is the fact that his widow, Mrs. Margaret F. Daly, who died in Bitter Root Valley, Montana, in 1941, left an estate of $12,000,000 to a grandson, Marcus III, and two daughters: Mrs. James W. Gerard, wife of the former ambassador to Germany, and Harriet, who became the Countess Sigray of Budapest.

Death having withdrawn his arch enemy from the field of battle, William Andrews Clark spent more and more time as Senator and collector of works of art. He built a $7,500,000 mansion on New York's Fifth Avenue at 77th Street, and married Anna La Chapelle, daughter of a Montana doctor who was his friend.

CLARK died in 1925, leaving his $3,000,000 art collection to the Metropolitan Museum if the museum would house it suitably. The museum had to decline with thanks and the collection went to the Corcoran gallery in Washington, D. C.

His estate was valued at $47,763,763, a huge sum which was increased in 1928 when the Clark mining interests at Butte were merged with Daly's Anaconda Copper Mining Company! The feud had definitely ended.

Its place on the Montana scene was taken by the struggle between F. Augustus Heinze, 20 years younger than Clark, and the Amalgamated Copper Company, including the Rogers and Rockefeller interests.

Heinze, a "book miner" fresh out of Columbia University, had invaded Butte with a transit as his weapon and had gone to work for $5 a day as a surveyor. It didn't take him long to stake out the first of his claims and make the first of his enemies; he kept nipping at the flanks of Daly and Clark while they were fighting each other.

Heinze harried the Amalgamated underground by using his engineering knowledge in an effort to prove the huge corporation had infringed on the claims of others; and above the ground in the courts of Montana.

He filed dozens of actions, and the Amalgamated filed dozens of actions while, on occasion, the mines closed and the miners' families went hungry. Platoons of lawyers marched in and out of dusty courtrooms while Montanans listened to dry legal arguments, and yearned for the exciting days and the torch-lit nights of the great and vigorous war between Daly and Clark.

The Amalgamated finally got tired, and bored too. In 1906, while his friends the miners still regarded him as their champion, Heinze met in New York with the giants of Wall Street and sold his Butte holdings for $10,500,000.

HE DECIDED to pyramid this into a greater fortune—but not by labor in the mines. He organized the United Copper Company and invaded Wall Street. It was a sad error for the comparatively young engineer. Wall Street didn't mind fighting him in distant Montana, but it resented the upstart invasion of its own stamping grounds.

A year later, in the "black year" of 1907, F. Augustus Heinze lost the last of his $10,500,000 fortune. He was indicted on mail fraud charges, acquitted, and soon died in Saratoga, N. Y.

Montana took comparatively little notice of his passing. As one pioneer put it:

"He came and went so quick like. Whereas Marcus Daly and W. A. Clark seemed to be clawing at each other's throats morning, noon and night as long as anyone could remember.

"We missed them."

Next week—Harry Oakes.

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I LIKE IT MILD!

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You've got everybody's favorite

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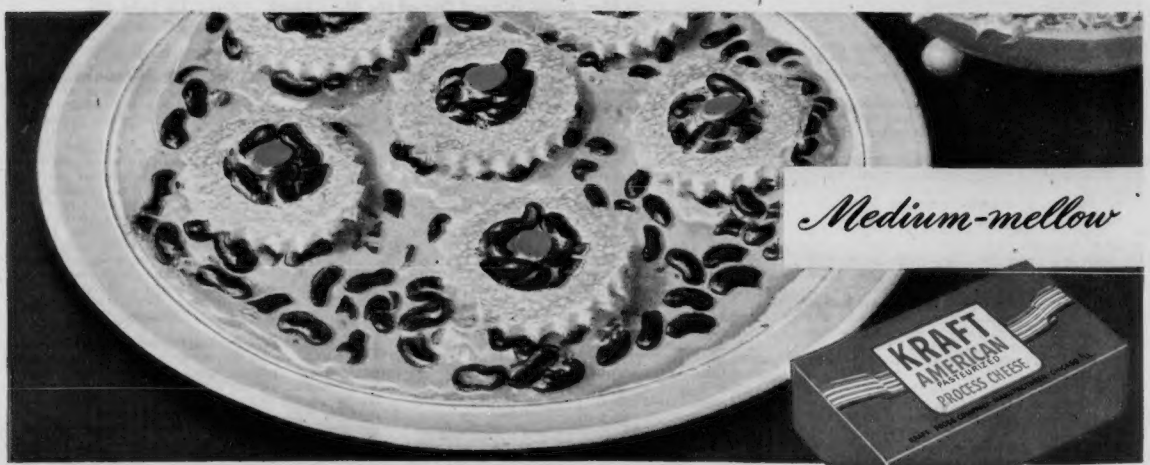
Mild

EASY APPETIZER. The wonderful sharp, aged flavor of "Old English" brand Pasteurized Process cheese makes it a favorite *appetizer* as well as a top-choice dessert cheese. Here's a fine "curtain-raiser" for a simple dinner—just slices of "Old English," crackers, celery curls and stuffed olives—to be served in the living room with the tomato juice, or at table. Use fruit with sharp "Old English" and you have a lovely *dessert*.

SPINACH RING. Drain 3 cups cooked spinach; chop it; add 2 tablespoons butter or Parkay Margarine, salt, pepper. While still hot pack into a well-greased 6½" ring mold. Unmold on oven-proof chop plate. Arrange lengthwise strips of Kraft's famous cheese food, Velveeta, over the edge of the spinach ring. Place in moderate, 350° oven until Velveeta melts (which it *does beautifully!*) Arrange broiled tomato halves around the ring.



Medium-mellow

KIDNEY BEAN RABBIT—a perfect main dish! Slice day-old bread ½" thick. Cut with 2½" fluted cookie cutter. With a smaller cutter remove center from half of the circles. Brush with melted butter or Parkay Margarine, and toast.

Sauté 2 tablespoons chopped onion and 1 chopped green pepper in 2 tablespoons butter or Parkay Margarine. Add 2 cups of well-drained cooked kidney beans, 2 tablespoons catsup, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, cayenne. Place in top of double boiler and add ½ lb. of smooth-melting Kraft Pasteurized Process American, sliced. Cook slowly until cheese is melted. Arrange toast rounds on a chop plate. Cover each with a generous portion of Rabbit and top with a toast ring. Garnish with pimiento rounds.

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THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

"You'll Be Sorry—"

There's Little Difference, Some Psychologists Say, Between the Adult Attempt to Commit Suicide and the Little Boy's Threat to Run Away From Home

Illustrated by
DOROTHEA FOX

THE young woman, nervously pacing the floor after the argument, heard the footsteps coming up to her second-floor apartment. Her heart leaped—her husband was coming back to her!

Maybe he'd ask forgiveness, she thought, and that argument over money would be forgiven. Anyway, she'd give him something to think about.

She dashed to the stove and turned on the gas. As the phonograph played "The Last Rose of Summer," she lay down on the floor and waited for him to come in. He would find her there. He would turn off the gas and throw up the windows. He'd be sorry they'd had that argument. In the nick of time, he would save her.

It did not work out that way, however. Her plan went awry.

The person she heard ascending the stairs was not her husband, but someone who went on past her apartment door without stopping.

Her body was discovered the next day, the gas jets still open.

That, in the opinion of Boston police, is how Mrs. Ruth E. McPherson, mother of two children, unintentionally met her death.

No one can ever be sure just what went through her mind, of course, but from the evidence in the apartment and with the aid of her father, the police reconstructed what to them was a logical and ironic explanation of the tragedy.

They were convinced that Mrs. McPherson did not really want to die, but was pretending to commit suicide, in order to frighten her husband.

There's a similarity, psychologists say, between the adult's fake suicide attempt and the little boy's threat to run away from home.

With both, it's a matter of "you'll be sorry when I'm gone." Sometimes unhappy people have been successful in fooling their loved ones with a mock suicide attempt, but too often they themselves are the victims.

John Rosendale was a handsome figure in his uniform of New York's Westchester County Parkway Patrol. He and his wife, Mildred, were happy with each other, and their five-month-old son. Then Mildred began showing jealousy.

Jealousy turned into bitter words. Finally, after a particularly unhappy argument, Mildred said she was leaving. While she was getting her coat and hat, Rosendale got his gun and a bottle of tomato catsup.

As she slammed the door, he smeared catsup on himself, and fired the gun into a sofa pillow. Then he fell back, apparently dead.

Mildred ran back in when she heard the shot. She saw him lying there, and gave a scream of terror. She threw herself down beside him, sobbing, and begged him to return.

Rosendale was pleased with himself as he heard her promise that never again would she be jealous if he'd only come back to life. He'd give her another few seconds of grief before opening his arms to her.

At that moment there was another explosion. The young patrolman opened his eyes, then closed them in horror. His wife had seized the gun, and shot herself. She died in a week.

Benjamin Kohn planned an elaborate show to make his wife think he had killed himself, in the hope that that would bring her back to him.

Kohn, a 45-year-old accountant of Stamford, Connecticut, tried hard to reach his wife after she left him, but his efforts failed. Then he planned his "suicide," and took not only his four sons, aged 14 to six, with him, but also a three-year-old Chinese boy who was boarding with the Kohns. They all disappeared.

Next day a rowboat containing clues pointing to Kohn was found in Long Island Sound. Coast Guard cutters and blimps, and scores of private craft, searched the Sound in the next two days. All the time Kohn, with the boys, was hiding at a resort in Pennsylvania.

Kohn was finally identified and returned to Connecticut. The scheme, however, didn't work. Unimpressed, his wife did not return.

A suicide attempt with a happy ending, for a change, was staged by Alexander Mendicini, a merchant seaman of New York City. Police found a jacket with his name in it on Brooklyn Bridge, 175 feet above the water.

Hurrying to his home, detectives found him and his wife, Virginia, in each other's arms. They'd had an argument, they said, but everything was fine now. As for the suicide attempt, Mendicini said, he jumped, all right, but he hadn't stayed in the river. It was too cold.

The National Save-A-Life League, Inc., of New York has as its mission the rescuing of people from the urge to destroy themselves. Miss Lona Bonnell, the counselor, tells how she dealt with one person who frequently threatened to commit suicide.

"This woman, who must be nameless, came into our office time and again," Miss Bonnell said. "She was always going to take poison, but we always dissuaded her. Finally one day she told me that she was going to jump off a high building.

"I knew her by then. She was the self-pitying type, and I took a desperate course. I told her to go ahead and jump. I'd call all the papers. She left the office."

Nothing happened. But two years later, Miss Bonnell felt a sheepish tug at her sleeve as she walked along a New York street. There was the would-be suicide.

"She was smiling and happy," Miss Bonnell said. "She no longer wanted to trick people into pitying her, but to find happiness herself. She learned that a healthy, busy life was far better than a career of self-pity."

Mrs. Darnell Was Embarrassed When She Started Walking Backward; Now She Knows the Real Reason.

BACKING AWAY FROM Heartbreak

Illustrated by
CHARLES D. HAWES

MRS. DOROTHA MARIE DARNELL, an attractive Washington brunette, doesn't remember exactly when she first found herself walking backward, but she and her physicians know why.

Her suit for separation, filed in the District of Columbia, says it's because of her husband's affectionate attitude—toward other women.

Mrs. Darnell doesn't walk backward all the time. It's only in moments of great emotional stress that her feet go into reverse.

"Love," says one of her doctors, Dr. John H. Trescher of Baltimore, "may affect people strangely. And walking backward is one of the bizzare phenomena which may occur with a nervous breakdown."

Mrs. Darnell, seeking separate maintenance from her husband, Richard, a well-to-do architect, claims that she has good reason to be affected. Her husband, she says, has not only been unfaithful to her, but kept a record of his conquests.

Her complaint charges that he had no fewer than 70 affairs with eight women during a period of three and a half months, and that he listed these experiences in a little book. She tore a page out of the love ledger as evidence of his wayward ways.

For a woman "madly in love with her husband," as Dr. Trescher says in a letter included in the court record, this extra-marital box score was just too much for his patient. She had previously left her husband three times and begun divorce proceedings twice, only to come back and drop them on his promise to behave.

This time she asks for separate maintenance; custody of their 12-year-old daughter; Diane; appointment of a receiver for jointly-owned property valued at about $120,000—and an order restraining her husband from communicating with her, except through the mails.

Her plea is accompanied by Dr. Trescher's letter which says there is nothing organically wrong with Mrs. Darnell, and that her tendency to walk backward instead of forward is a functional nervous disorder.

"Under similar stress," the doctor points out, "some people lose their voices, others their hearing, and still others become partially paralyzed."

Dr. Trescher told of a case in which a woman 80 years old has been walking backward for 30 years.

One of the strangest cases on record is that of John Bollinger, who has been known to run backward, with astonishing speed, on crowded sidewalks. Bollinger tried to kill himself in a Seattle restaurant several years ago, and had previously tried suicide twice.

This tendency represents the backing away from an unhappy situation in life, Dr. Norman Q. Brill, Washington psychiatrist, explains. "The patient could be recoiling from a blow to the ego, or from deep injury to a true and abiding love," he says.

There's no doubt about the cause for Mrs. Darnell's reverse locomotion, according to her plea to the court. She told of marrying the young architect in 1927, after a campus romance at the University of Illinois.

Shortly after the happy wedding, she said, he began consorting with other women. Confronted with proof, he promised not to stray. But, she said, that was only the beginning.

After they moved to Washington, he again admitted spending a week end with another woman. There came another promise, another woman, and then, Mrs. Darnell said, she tried to leave him for the first time. She came back, and in 1935 Diane was born. During that period he was "continuously unfaithful."

The second separation came in May, 1939. She went to her parents' home in Illinois, with Diane, but Darnell again promised her that he would get back on the straight and narrow path and stick to it.

She went to a sanitarium to regain her health—and it was there that she began walking backward. In 1944 came the period of 70 alleged affairs, recorded in his handwriting, and she filed suit for divorce.

Again she returned. Then, early this year, after a particularly embarrassing scene in which, she says, the architect fired a gun at her, she went to Reno and filed suit for divorce.

He retaliated by filing suit to have the property settlement set aside. She dropped her divorce proceedings, and went back to Washington. Now she'll have to wait a year to re-establish residence in the District of Columbia, because she is, legally, a resident of Nevada.

It might seem to the layman that a divorce would do more than medicine or psychiatry to stop Dorotha Darnell from walking in reverse. But Dr. Trescher isn't sure that divorce would work a cure.

You've never owned a car so useful, so practical

NO sedan can match a station wagon for all-around usefulness. And no other station wagon is so practical for every use as the "Jeep" Station Wagon—the first with an all-steel body and top for greater safety and longer service. It's a roomy, comfortable family car. When you need extra big load space, all except the driver's seat are removable. Let your Willys-Overland dealer show you how fully the "Jeep" Station Wagon meets your family's needs.

LOTS OF ROOM inside the "Jeep" Station Wagon's all-steel body for passengers—space, too, for things you want to take along. When there's a bulky load to haul, such as a chair or washing machine to be repaired, removing the seats gives 96 cubic feet of cargo space.

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WITH STEEL BODY AND TOP

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13 UNINVITED GUESTS

SINCE the days of the Wild West, Denver has seen many a bizarre holdup, but not until recently could its records show an instance in which 13 gunmen took $150,000 from several score of distinguished citizens without a squawk from the victims.

Such secrecy surrounded the Silent Robbery, as it has come to be called, that some neighbors still find it hard to believe that gunmen had the effrontery to invade the lavish estate where the late Evalyn Walsh McLean, owner of the famous Hope Diamond, learned her social graces.

Business was going on as usual that evening in the rustic lodge beside Wolhurst Manor, the vast brick-and-stucco palace which a President of the United States personally christened and where a United States senator once entertained Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the cream of European nobility.

Sleekly tailored men, and women in dinner dresses, chatted in the lounge on the first floor of the lodge or gathered around familiar equipment in the rooms above. Most of them clutched stacks of chips bearing the handsome crest of the Wolhurst Saddle Club, which was the title given the estate after its purchase a year before by Ova Elija Stephens, better known as Smiling Charlie.

Upstairs the chips were rapidly changing hands around two elaborate dice tables, a roulette wheel, a faro table, a chuck-a-luck game and a poker table. Three slot machines were absorbing half-dollars and disgorging them at infrequent intervals. Couples wandered from room to room and from game to game. Smiling Charlie had lived up to his pledge to make his flourishing establishment "the classiest layout in this part of the country."

A little before midnight the play ceased abruptly at the command of a slim young man in the center of the large room upstairs. There was authority in his voice—and in the ugly-looking tommy-gun he was holding.

"That will be all," he said in a tone that echoed through the building in the sudden silence. "Stand where you are. Anyone who moves won't live to regret it."

Almost magically a dozen other men appeared. They were quiet, unmasked and obviously well rehearsed. Some of them carried pistols and took their stations at strategic points. The others, who carried bags, moved quickly through the rooms, stripping jewelry from the women and forcing the men to turn out their pockets.

Two of the bag men stood beside the leader, who turned his gun on Eddie Jordan, manager of the club during the absence of Stephens, who was reported to be in California.

"While the boys take care of the chicken feed," the leader said, "You open the safe."

Jordan looked at the gun, shrugged his shoulders, turned and started twirling the knobs. The two bags were soon bulging with bills of high denominations.

The entire job took less than five minutes but it seemed like an hour to the tense guests. When it was all over and the intruders were converging toward the exit, the leader called out:

"You've forgotten something, boys."

He nodded toward the slot machines. Three of the men picked up the bulky devices and carried them outside.

Jordan was forced into one of the three waiting cars and was thrown out of it several hundred yards from the lodge. When he returned the guests were ruefully comparing their losses.

"I don't have to tell you," he said, "that gambling is unlawful in Colorado. You can all understand that if we reported this to the police we would only get ourselves into more trouble. I'll make a list of how much was taken from each of you. I'm sure Smiling Charlie will make good on everything."

The police received no official report, but in a few days Denver was buzzing with the news. The crime itself was colorful enough but the place where it occurred was even more so. Wolhurst Manor, with its 52 rooms and 1100 acres, its imported statuary and tree-lined drives, its Chippendale furniture and Dresden china, had been a Denver showplace for years.

It was originally owned by Edward O. Wolcott, whose lavish entertainments for European nobility and American politicians had helped to make him a United States senator. When he died in 1905, the estate was bought by Thomas F. Walsh, who had made his fortune from the Camp Bird Mine near Ouray, Colorado. It was there that his daughter, Evalyn, developed the social technique that was to make her Washington's most famous hostess.

When Walsh decided to rename the place Clonmel in memory of the Irish town in which he was born, President Taft presided at the christening and ex-Vice President Charles Fairbanks was cup bearer. Walsh died in 1910 and the estate was bought by Horace W. Bennett. His widow sold it to Stephens, who converted it into a fashionable club with a $50 membership fee.

Although the police couldn't act without a complaint, the grand jury could—and did. It made no attempt to locate the robbers but it obtained a list of the guests who were present that evening and subpenaed them. The list resembled a couple of pages from the Denver social register. Ducking reporters and photographers, the witnesses paraded into the grand jury room, told their stories and were allowed to depart.

An injunction padlocked the Wolhurst lodge and warrants were issued for Stephens and Jordan. Four months later they appeared to post bond. It was a year after the holdup before they pleaded guilty to gambling charges, the other day, and paid fines of $1,000 each.

Whether Smiling Charley made up the losses of his customers was not disclosed. The invited guests were as mum as they had been on the night of the Silent Robbery, and the 13 uninvited guests weren't talking either. As far as the law is concerned, they never visited Wolhurst Manor.

Such Secrecy Surrounded the Robbery That Neighbors Still Find It Hard to Believe That Gunmen Invaded the Lavish Estate Where the Owner of the Hope Diamond Learned Her Social Graces.

Illustrated by H. E. BISCHOFF

Read what you get in—
2 GLASSES OF
OVALTINE
more VITAMIN C than 4 ounces of Tomato Juice
more PROTEIN than 3 Eggs
more IRON than 3 servings of Spinach
more NIACIN than 6 slices of Enriched Bread
more VITAMIN D than 10 ounces of Butter
more VITAMIN B1 than 3 servings of Oatmeal
more VITAMIN G than 1 pound of Sirloin Steak
more VITAMIN A than 2 servings of Peas
more FOOD-ENERGY than 2 dishes of Ice Cream
more CALCIUM and PHOSPHORUS than 2½
servings of American Cheese

ALL YOUR Vitamins IN FOOD

Here's the Newer Way to get them—for better results!

As you know, authorities agree that most people should get extra vitamins as a safeguard to good health. And authorities also agree, beyond question, that the best way to get vitamins would be in your everyday food. But that's hard to do:—

Because everyday foods vary considerably from day to day in vitamin and mineral values. And, besides, they lose a lot of their vitamins in shipping, storing and cooking.

That's why so many people are supplementing their meals with Ovaltine. *Ovaltine is standardized.* Its content is scientifically controlled. It never varies. Each spoonful supplies the same generous amounts of vitamins and minerals. You know exactly what you're getting. It's a supplementary food that makes up deficiencies in ordinary foods.

So you don't have to worry about variations or losses. You *know* that a serving of Ovaltine in a glass of average milk *always* gives you the same substantial quantities of Vitamins A, B_1, C, D, G and Niacin—and Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. And you can be *sure* that 2 glasses of Ovaltine daily and just normal meals will give you *all* the vitamins and minerals any normal person can use. And when you drink Ovaltine you get these vitamins and minerals the preferred way—*in food.*

You'll find, too, that Ovaltine has a very agreeable taste—a taste that grows on you. So for better results, why don't you start drinking Ovaltine at meals, just as you would tea or coffee? Or, if you prefer, between meals or at bedtime. Then, if you're a normal person, you'll know, as far as *you* are concerned, you've solved the vitamin problem.

FAR MORE THAN VITAMINS . . . Ovaltine also contains virtually every other precious food element needed for buoyant health and vitality, including the elements that vitamins must have to function properly. That's why Ovaltine is so widely recognized as the ideal supplementary food-drink.

Courage of DARK SECRET

By Horace Wade

Illustrated by ANTON KURKA

A ROAR went up from the thousands gathered at Belmont Park, Long Island, on that day in 1934 when the barrier sprung and the thoroughbreds streaked out.

It was the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup race, major test of the season, victory in which would assure the winner a place in racing's Hall of Fame. All eyes were upon a sleek, powerful horse named Dark Secret, the darling of the Belmont stands, for two reasons: with his great fighting heart he was a sentimental favorite and victory that day would give him double renown, for he had garnered the Gold Cup at the same track the year before.

Time will never dim the memory of that race. It is in the record books to stay. As Faireno and Inlander went head and head in the early stages, burning their speed, Dark Secret eased along behind them.

Not until the final turn was reached did he finally bend to his task. There his ears flattened back, his stride quickened, and the scarlet crept into the whites of his eyes.

In a dozen steps he had picked up his company. In an astonishing twinkling of heels he had left them to the rear, the silks of Jockey Charlie Kurtsinger ballooning on the riding breeze. Dark Secret was making his move of victory.

A small thing brought the first hush to those who were quick of eye. Seventy yards from the finish the great thoroughbred seemed to stumble in his rhythmic stride, recover and come racing true to the wire. Past the finish line he plunged amid a towering roar of tribute that suddenly died away. Men looked at one another and demanded:

"What happened; what's wrong?"

They were instantly answered. Nearly a sixteenth of a mile from the finish Dark Secret had shattered his leg from knee to pastern, yet in his bosom lurked a magic quality that made surrender impossible. On three legs and a golden heart he had come down to the stands—to victory!

Today Dark Secret rests forever beneath the sod in Belmont Park's infield, where the bugle sounds above him and the throbbing of hooves is a reminder of his own days of glory.

Today Dark Secret Rests Forever Beneath the Sod in Belmont Park, Where the Bugle Sounds Above Him and the Sound of Hooves Is an Eternal Reminder of His Own Days of Glory.

The story of Dark Secret has been recounted often, and invariably evokes an argument as to the possibility of saving a horse with a broken leg. Admittedly this has been done in the past, but only through extreme care and patience, and is not practical.

A few years ago a Cincinnati dentist, Dr. P. P. Wehner, placed heavy casts on the broken legs of Prince Pine and Prince Kiev, then two-year-olds. Both later returned to the wars with only so-so success. In their case, however, the bone was merely fractured and not cleanly broken. Merciful destruction is the sole solution when a horse's leg is shattered. It will not heal.

More than once, however, thoroughbreds have overcome similar agonies and gone on to big things on the turf proving time after time the indomitable courage of the blue-blood equine breed.

When Domino, founder of one of America's best thoroughbred families, was a yearling his trainer, Albert Cooper, decided to test him over the Coney Island track.

The colt displayed such astounding speed that Cooper refused to believe his watch and the next morning tried him again. Domino clicked off the second workout just as fast; the rapid trials proved too much for his young legs, causing both front tendons to "bow," and the horse thereafter raced in bandages.

Despite this handicap he won 19 of his 25 starts against the best in training. In later years, when scheduled to meet Dobbins in a match race at six furlongs, Domino stood for 24 hours before the race under a cold spray to ease the ache in his front legs.

Several cases are recorded of horses surviving a broken pelvis to win fame on the turf. Waterboy was one such, spending six months strung up off the ground in a hammock-sling, and defeating every handicap horse in America in later years.

Another was Springfield, purchased for $1,600 and signalizing the occasion by immediately falling over backwards and breaking his pelvis. Courageously he overcame the trouble and won 17 of his 19 starts.

Probably no horse ever started life under a harsher handicap than the famed English racer, Royal Hampton. As a newly-born foal he had a foot trapped under the door of his stall, injuring himself badly. Later he had a hip knocked down in a training accident, but all this battering did not prevent him from showing the way home to his rivals.

On the eve of the 96th running of the Epsom Derby in England, the horse, Galopin drank chilled water from an artesian well and developed a severe case of colic. He was wrapped in heavy blankets throughout the night in an effort to sweat the trouble out of him, and came forth the next day, groggy but determined, to win the Derby by the length of his gallant body.

Morello once won the Belmont Futurity while running a high fever. Hamburg Belle, an undersized filly, won the Futurity, though she was cruelly kicked again and again at the barrier, finishing the race with blood gushing from her legs.

Naishapur was kicked at the barrier in the 1929 American Derby by Paul Bunyan, then was beaten a head at the wire by Windy City, leaving a trail of blood every inch of the mile and a quarter journey.

One of the best known thoroughbreds in the West more than a half century ago was a strapping son of Inquirer named McWhirter. McWhirter, a fighting thoroughbred, was the particular idol of his owner, Colonel Buford.

In the running of the St. Louis Derby McWhirter, always a sluggish beginner, began to pick up his field on the upper turn, going head and head for the lead at the top of the stretch.

There was considerable bumping during the final 70 yards, but not until McWhirter had crossed the line in a heart-smothering finish, beaten less than a half length, did the crowds see what had caused it. Somewhere in that long stretch battle (no one was ever quite sure just where it happened) McWhirter had snapped both forelegs and yet he had struggled on ragged, bleeding stumps to the finish wire.

Colonel Buford came out to meet his companion, and the crowds parted, silent at his anguish. A veterinarian raised his gun. The Colonel stopped him with a gesture.

"No hand but mine," he said, and himself fired the shot that killed McWhirter.

Then, looking neither to the right nor left, Colonel Buford strode towards the gates and was never seen again upon a race track.

No Longer a Woman Without a Country

By Frances Spatz

Love Conquered Mrs. Edith Sebald, but Only Congress Could Write the Happy Ending.

ON THAT day in 1927 when William Sebald, rising young Navy careerist, looked into the eyes of Edith DeBecker, beautiful daughter of a Japanese mother and a British father turned Japanese citizen, he knew he was in love.

Edith, a doll-like person combining oriental petiteness with western expressiveness, sighed and knew at last she was in love.

The story should have reached its climax there, with parental blessing, a marriage and a lived-happily-ever-after fade-out.

Instead, that meeting was only the beginning of a romance that had to survive years of worry and frustration, and prove its worthiness against a background of war, before reaching a happy ending.

Today William Sebald is top political advisor to Gen. Douglas MacArthur, with the rank of ambassador. Today his wife, Edith, is a permanent resident of the United States.

When Sebald was four years old, living in Baltimore, son of a prominent physician, he was found one day digging a deep hole in his back yard.

"What you doing, Billy?" asked Frank, his six-year-old brother.

"I'm digging to Japan," he said.

"You mean China," said Frank.

"I don't either—I'm digging to Japan," Billy stoutly maintained.

Yes, Billy Sebald was digging to Japan, and 20 years later he got there, after graduating with honors at Annapolis. At 15 he had received the highest marks in competitive examinations for the Naval Academy.

Too young to enter, he had repeated the feat the following year, had entered the Academy and made a name for himself not only in studies but also as the institution's leading welterweight boxer.

After graduation he applied for duty in Japan and got the post of foreign language officer there.

In the second year of his three-year appointment he met Edith DeBecker. Her father, who practiced international law in Kobe, had sent her to finishing school in Boston. She was engaged to a British officer.

After that first meeting Edith rushed home to tell her father: "What do you think I'm engaged to two men now!" DeBecker was furious. Who was this young American?

He was soon to find out. Sebald lost no time in calling on DeBecker who was forced to admire the youngster's fund of knowledge and keen mind. But DeBecker was a realist.

If Edith married Sebald, he pointed out, she would become a woman without a country. Under Japanese law she would lose her citizenship and, as a native Japanese, there would be no hope of acquiring American citizenship to take its place.

And what, DeBecker wanted to know, would become of Sebald's chances for career advancement?

"Well, Sir," Billy said with a charming smile, "I might even study law and come back here to practice with you. You said you needed help."

Sebald's superiors told him that under the rules he couldn't marry till his three years were up. Besides, it would ruin his career. Despite their objections, he and Edith were married in All Saints Church, Kobe.

In 1929 he returned with her to America. Clouds of unhappiness gathered. The threat of separation through Edith's deportation hung constantly over their heads.

He resigned and entered the Reserve. Now he took up his alternate plan, entering the University of Maryland to study law. Edith helped him, feeling useful once more, but still worried over her citizenship status.

As soon as he was admitted to the bar in 1933 Sebald set sail for Japan with Edith. There the new law firm of "DeBecker and Sebald," was organized and Edith was happy again.

Sebald resigned from the Reserve and threw himself into his work. He became an expert in international law and undertook a unique task—the translation of Japanese law into English. Two books he wrote were lauded by the legal profession.

The clouds of war gathered and Edith's position again became precarious. In June of 1939 they returned to the United States.

Still she was a woman without a country. While Sebald practiced law in Washington, D. C., Edith lived a solitary existence.

After the attack on Pearl Harbor, both Sebald and Edith offered their services to the government. Sebald was made a commander and organized the fleet's combat intelligence unit in the Pacific.

After an intensive probing of Edith's past and character, she was given a position in the Office of Strategic Services.

When the war was over Sebald was given an important post in helping rebuild and re-educate Japan—a post that has since led to his vital job with General MacArthur. That made him happy. But not as happy as a bill introduced in Congress by Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland.

This bill rewarded Edith for her war work in the only way she wanted to be rewarded...it made her a permanent resident of the United States. President Truman signed it and the gates of America are at last thrown open to the little half-Japanese without a country. Her eyes bright through her tears, she said:

"You can't imagine how wonderful it is! I can come and go to America as I please. It's what Billy and I waited for for 19 years. But all that waiting was worth while."

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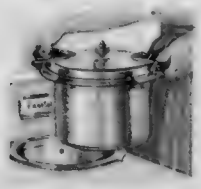

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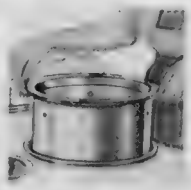

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THE doctor looked through his microscope at the drop of blood on the slide.

He shook his head slowly, and looked again to make sure.

He had to be positive, for his microscope had just told him that a husband was not the father of his wife's child.

There could be no doubt, and a few days later a judge handed down a decision based on the doctor's findings. It was the first time that the Rh factor in human blood, unknown only seven years ago, was used in court to prove that a man could not possibly be the father of a child.

Thus the Rh blood factor, discovered in 1940 by Dr. Alexander S. Wiener of New York and the late Dr. Karl Landsteiner, has only recently become a servant of man and law.

Not long ago, persons who considered themselves informed scientifically were issuing warnings of the dangers contained in the Rh factor.

Illustrated by GIL DARLING

The Microscope Revealed That the Husband Was Not the Father of His Wife's Child

Blood GIVES the VERDICT

It was even said that men and women with certain differences in Rh should not get married, and could never have children.

Now, however, even routine medical care can eliminate most of the dangers involving Rh, while the factor takes its place among older groups as a means of identification.

In the first case, in which Justice Jacob Panken handed down the decision in Kings County Family Court, Brooklyn, the established blood groups had proved to be worthless in the identification.

The paternity of the man involved was not excluded by either the A-B-O or the M-N test. These two can exclude parentage in 33 per cent of all cases.

With the new Rh test, this possibility is raised to 45 per cent, by adding a third test. This was the test that settled the Brooklyn case after both others had failed.

The child's mother and her husband were married in 1943, and ten weeks later she gave birth to the child. The man had signed a statement admitting the paternity of the baby, but the test proved to the satisfaction of the court that this was impossible.

As a result, Judge Panken ruled that the husband was not responsible for the child's support, although he awarded the mother the sum of $12 a week for support to prevent her from becoming a public charge.

"Men have been deceived by women, perhaps not as often as women have been deceived by men," Judge Panken wrote, "but it is not uncommon for men to be imposed upon. Nor does the fact that a mother swears that a husband is the father of a child foreclose him from disputing it as a fact."

Under the laws of genetics, a child can not be the offspring of a man whose blood differs in certain ways.

It can never be proved that any particular man is the father, but it is possible to prove that he cannot be the father. In this respect, the test works in about half the cases.

The Rh factor, which owes its peculiar name to the fact that it was originally discovered in the blood of Rhesus monkeys, is found in the red blood cells.

In these cells, an envelope-type structure contains the blood. The Rh factor, like a crazy-quilt design, shows up on the cell covering.

Different people have different Rh factors just as they may have blue or black eyes, red or brown hair.

Unfortunately, however, a person with Rh negative blood may experience serious results if he receives a blood transfusion with Rh positive blood.

When this happens, the body may build up a strange resistance to the foreign blood. Just as the hay fever victim really suffers because of an antibody built up in his own system rather than from the harmless pollen which many other persons absorb in their systems without discomfort, so the antibody built up against the different Rh type causes the trouble.

The result may range from no discomfort at all to death. This possibility is avoided, however, by a routine blood test of both recipient and donor.

An unborn baby of an Rh positive father and an Rh negative mother, in case the parents have these two different types, may receive or transmit sensitivity to the Rh positive blood.

Even so, there are still 19 chances out of 20 that nothing will happen, with the first child at least.

The chances of danger increase with additional children, and if the mother has happened to have had a transfusion of Rh positive blood before.

Anyway, only one person out of seven is Rh negative, and only one marriage out of ten falls in a pattern that may be harmful.

Also, the degree of sensitivity varies, it is now known, and even if the Rh negative mother does build up antibodies, they may be weak and almost harmless.

"I don't even recommend that prospective brides and grooms go to the trouble of finding out which Rh type they are," Dr. Wiener said. "Unless an Rh negative woman had a transfusion of Rh positive blood before the difference was discovered, having a child in any modern hospital nowadays holds no practical danger because of the Rh factor."

Although the danger increases with each successive child, routine steps are taken in most hospitals to safeguard the health of both mother and child.

In some cases the doctors may rely on a process developed by Dr. Wiener called "exsanguination" to make the baby healthy. This process involves drawing out the diseased blood and replacing it simultaneously with fresh good blood.

In this operation, Dr. Wiener pumps the Rh negative blood in through a needle inserted in the baby's left ankle, and at the same time draws out the diseased blood, or 85 per cent of it, from the radial artery in the baby's right wrist.

The entire procedure is over in 90 minutes, and during it the baby usually sucks contentedly on a bottle of prepared formula.

Even with the dangers involved in the Rh blood factor, it is being harnessed as a servant of man. In the seven years since its discovery, the Rh factor has progressed swiftly from an unknown terror to an identification test, now accepted by the courts as evidence.

Folklore—MADE IN U·S·A·

A Whole Galaxy of Home-Grown Heroes Is Taking the Place of the Giant-Killers That Grandma Used to Tell About

Here Are Walt Disney's Conceptions of the Great Figures in American Folklore The One on the Right

Johnny Appleseed, In Whose Footsteps Trees Sprang Up, Was a Real Person and Disney Has Brought Him Back to Life.

By John Erskine

HOW do you tell the difference between a true story and a true fairy story?

The marks of a true story are three:

You know when and where it happened.

You know the name of the person to whom it happened.

You know who told the story, and when and where he lived.

The marks of a true fairy story are:

It's been told so often by so many people that no one remembers the name of the person of whom it was first told, nor who told it first.

A fairy story to be true needs plenty of room for so much forgetting and changing and improving. A true story might begin, "On July 4, 1776—". A true fairy story must begin, "Once upon a time—"

Europe is an old country. Fairy tales there have long ago become true. Europeans don't believe America can have any true fairy tales. We are too fond of exaggeration; we like to tell whoppers, tall stories.

But did Americans ever tell bigger whoppers than you'll find in Puss 'n' Boots, or in Cinderella? American fairy tales will seem as true as European when they are told as often, and when all the important details have been forgotten. Give us time!

Our native product matures fast. We have a complete library of stories about Paul Bunyan, and they have been told so frequently that we are no longer sure who Paul was, when he lived, or where he was born. Perhaps he was a logger from the northern woods. It may be that his birth place was near the Bay of Fundy.

There is a frequently repeated story, with all the marks of fairy-tale truth in it, that as an infant he was restless in his sleep.

On one occasion he rolled out of his cradle, kept on rolling, and snapped off four miles of timber. To prevent a repetition of this accident a floating cradle was built for him in the Bay of Fundy, but he rocked so hard that he started a 75-foot tidal wave and tides in the bay are still high.

When he grew up he spent part of his time in the logging camps, doing most of the work for the other boys. He seems to have understood the size of their appetites. He built a cook stove for the logging camp. The size is indicated by the fact that he tied half a hog to each of his feet and skated over the griddle to grease it.

But part of his time he spent in the newly discovered oil fields where his strength and his ingenuity are remembered to this day. He was the first to discover how to handle a hole in the ground. When an oil well went dry, Bunyan pulled it out, cut it up into short lengths, and sold it for post holes.

PECOS BILL, a friend of Bunyan, is best known among the cowboys of Texas and New Mexico. Pecos could ride anything. He rode a cyclone through three states, and never would have been dismounted if the cyclone had not rained out.

Once he lassoed a tornado which tore around till the prairie was bare, and folks had to drive stakes across country to find their way out.

Pecos Bill married Slue-Foot Sue. She thought she could ride his best horse, but she happened to be wearing a bustle, and every time the horse bucked, Sue bounced right into the clouds. Sue and the horse kept this up for four days and nights till Bill shot her. It hurt him to watch her die of starvation.

Johnny Appleseed was a real person. We have almost forgotten his name, but not quite. He was John Chapman and he died on March 11, 1847. We are not sure where he was born. Perhaps in Boston, perhaps in Springfield, probably neither.

In 1800 or in 1801 he was noticed drifting down the Ohio in two canoes filled with rotting apples which he had collected from the cider presses of western Pennsylvania.

The ripe seeds from these rotting apples he planted whenever he came ashore. Since there are in the Middle West to this day a large number of apple orchards, evidence is strong that Johnny Appleseed covered a good deal of ground.

As the story of his travels was repeated he became immune to attacks of Indians and snakes.

It is said that the immunity to poisoned bites and poisoned arrows came from the judicious use of catnip, rattlesnake weed, horehound, pennyroyal, and other herbs which he carried around with him along with the apple seeds, and planted throughout western Pennsylvania and southern Ohio.

IT MAY be that the Indians spared him because they thought he was crazy; a lunatic in their eyes was favored by the gods.

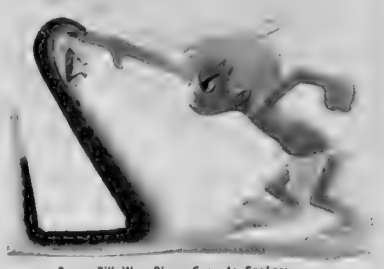
The stories of Johnny Appleseed make him a constant reader of the Bible, and a churchgoer, whenever he came on a church in the wilderness.

Once the minister was shouting from the pulpit, "Where is the primitive Christian who walks to Heaven barefoot, clad in sackcloth?"

Johnny Appleseed stood up in meeting. He was barefoot at the moment, and he wore a burlap bag with holes cut for head and arms.

"Preacher, how about me?" he asked.

He died in Indiana, and we know where he was buried. His gravestone still keeps him from being the hero of a true fairy tale.



Pecos Bill Was Pizen, Even to Snakes; He Rode Anything—Including Cyclones, and Lassoed Tornadoes for Fun.

TURBULENT YEAR *of the* BATTLING BUELLS

They Soon Found That Malice and Money Disputes Aren't Exactly What to Expect in a Happy Marriage

In the Presence of Bank Officials, Mrs Buell Had a Locksmith Open Her Safe Deposit Box Only to Find $32,300 Worth of Jewels Missing.

By Jack Stone

THE Turbulent Year of the Battling Buells, which blew itself out recently in a Florida divorce court, apparently started peacefully enough.

Tranquil and enchanting, the setting was Palm Beach.

There, eight days before they were married, according to Dr. Charles E. Buell, Jr., prominent Detroit surgeon, he and Mrs. Catherine M. Legget, widow of millionaire David Graham Legget, sat down in perfect accord and signed a prenuptial agreement.

In itself, that wasn't so unusual. It was the terms that were unique — and that from all indications brewed the storm that kept sweeping first one and then the other into court for the better part of a year.

Those terms — again according to Dr. Buell — obligated the future Mrs. Buell to utilize assets inherited from her first husband to set up a $390,000 trust fund, from which the doctor was to receive half the income.

The agreement, said Dr. Buell, was signed May 23, 1946. The wedding took place June 1, 1946.

The court tussle began on April 17, 1947, when Dr. Buell, by then estranged from his bride, filed suit to compel Mrs. Buell to live up to the terms of the alleged pre-marriage pact.

He stated the foundation of the $390,000 was laid November 26, 1924, when the now deceased Legget set up a trust fund for Mrs. Buell, then his wife. Legget stipulated that she was entitled to draw $30,000 anuually from the fund, according to Dr. Buell. But Mrs. Buell didn't take any of the money, so that in 1946 the accrued dividends amounted to $390,000.

In friendly fashion, the doctor declared, he and his wife-to-be drew up a contract in which each waived claims on the other's money and property. In return, the $390,000 would be set up as a mutual trust fund, share and share alike. If Mrs. Buell died before him, the doctor would receive the whole.

Mrs. Buell, the doctor complained, had failed to carry out the agreement.

It was Mrs. Buell's next move, and she made it. On May 22 she went to the Palm Beach bank and, in the presence of bank officials, had a locksmith open her safe deposit box. What had happened to her key was not revealed.

After a thorough check she announced that $32,300 worth of jewels were missing from the box. Itemized, they were: a diamond wrist watch, $10,000; a pearl ring, $10,000; a ruby dinner ring, $7,500; an onyx pin, $3,500; an aquamarine ring, $1,000, and a watch ring, $300.

She swore out a larceny warrant against Dr. Buell and he was arrested the same day. The doctor was released in $5,000 bond.

Next act in the court drama was on June 16, when, four days before Dr. Buell's trial, the larceny charge was dropped. It was explained, but not in detail, that the missing gems had been found.

On July 3 Mrs. Buell executed a new legal maneuver. She procured a court order requiring the doctor to make the New York bank and trust company, a trustee under Legget's trust fund for his wife, a party to the defense in his suit for consummation of the prenuptial agreement.

This was regarded as virtually a dismissal of the suit, as it is considered impossible to serve an out-of-state corporation without an agent in the state of Florida.

Then came a repercussion of the jewel episode. Dr. Buell, on July 8, filed a $75,000 damage suit against his wife, charging her with malicious prosecution in connection with the charges of larceny she had made against him.

His complaint set forth that Mrs. Buell, not satisfied with causing him embarrassment through her accusation of the theft, took steps to hurt him with his friends and medical clientele in Detroit.

He claimed she bought up newspapers carrying the account of the larceny charge and his arrest, and mailed these to various people in the Michigan city, with the intent to blacken his character and ruin him professionally.

On July 10 Dr. Buell made an effort to save his suit to enforce the pre-marriage agreement. He got a $500 "supsedeas bond" from the court, a preliminary move to filing of an appeal to the Florida Supreme Court testing the legality of the order making the New York bank a party to the defense.

Nearly a month passed without any further legal action — something of a record in the Buell interchange of court barrages.

Then, on September 4, Mrs. Buell made a surprise appearance in court — this time in civil court. She was interested in calling it quits for good. She wanted a divorce.

Dr. Buell had been cruel, she said. She not only wanted to be rid of him, but also desired restoration of her former name, Catherine M. Legget.

Some place along the stormy way the Buells had apparently reached another accord, though under different circumstances. Mrs. Buell's divorce complaint made no mention of alimony, the recent $390,000 trust fund dispute, or any other previous litigation.

Dr. Buell sent his attorneys to court, where they dropped the malicious prosecution suit and the suit seeking enforcement of the trust agreement.

On September 13 Mrs. Buell received her final divorce decree and the right to her former name. Legally, the Buell slate of differences had then been wiped clean.

Illustrated by A. S. PACKER

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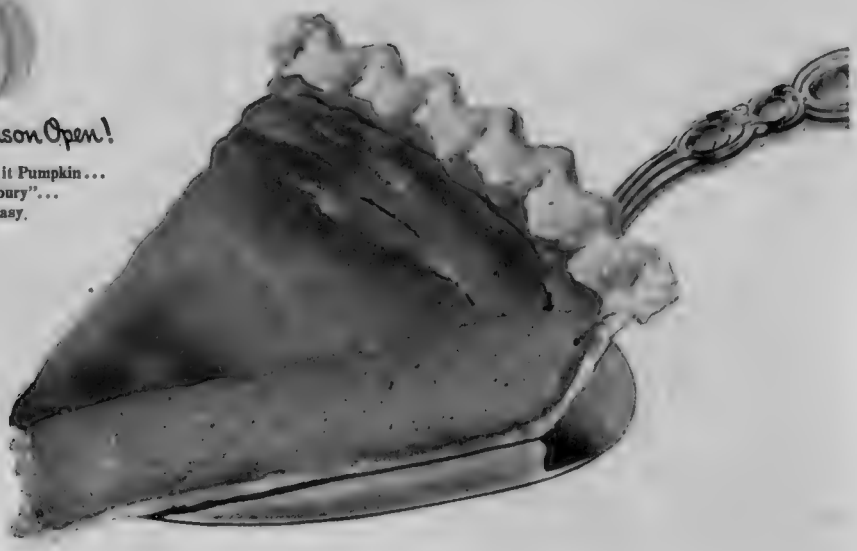

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Now He Is the Spiritual Shepherd of a Sagebrush Parish of 150 Souls.

As a Hollywood Star, Gareth Hughes Was a Leading Success of His Day.

GARETH HUGHES' Biggest Role

By Harry H. Morgan

SEVERAL years ago a woman stepped out of a phone booth at a roadside gas station near the . tle town of Wadsworth, Nevada. he was dressed in the attire of a dude ranch guest.

Awaiting his turn to use the phone stood a man garbed in the simple habit of a priest. He was middle-aged, hair silvery gray.

The woman glanced at him as she started toward her car, then stopped abruptly. She looked intently for a moment at the sparkling eyes and well-rounded features of the man.

"Pardon me for staring," she apologized. "You look so much like a man I once knew that it startled me.

"His name was Gareth Hughes. He was an actor."

The priest smiled.

"I am Gareth Hughes," he said. "I'm known here as Brother David."

The woman was Phyllis Haver, the actress. Twenty years before she had been Hughes' leading lady when he starred in "The Christian."

In movie parlance the chance meeting of the woman from Hollywood and the man of God at the lonely desert cross-roads was a "cut-back" in the curious life of Gareth Hughes.

Two decades or more ago his name was known to every movie fan in the land. He was famous for his portrayal of the screen role of Sir James Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." As the star of other film successes his name loomed large in theatre lights throughout the land.

Remembered now only by an older generation the identity of Gareth Hughes, the actor, is submerged in his role as Brother David, the spiritual shepherd of a sagebrush parish of 150 souls.

Ordained a priest in the Apostolic Episcopal Church more than three years ago, Brother David was assigned to Wadsworth, a sun-baked little community that lies on the Truckee River 35 miles east of Reno.

Once well populated when it was a watering place on the emigrant overland trail and when the Central Pacific Railway was pushing its rails eastward to complete the first transcontinental railroad Wadsworth today is little more than a ghost town.

Hurrying motorists seldom stop unless to quench their thirst at one of Wadsworth's four bars. Besides these the town consists of a couple small cafes, as many gas stations, a store, a school, railway station and a cluster of modest homes.

Near the Truckee River stands the church, built in 1875. It had long been unused when Brother David opened its creaking doors to be greeted by a flutter of flying bats, frightened by the unaccustomed light.

It was plainly furnished in the manner of an old country church. The new priest swept it out and refurbished it as well as his meager means would permit. The dust-covered reed organ still played.

A Sunday or two later the peal of the church bell, long unheard, summoned the surprised community to a revival of worship.

The services Brother David conducts are non-denominational.

His duties have become manifold. They range from treating a boy who ran to him with his fingers caught in a coyote trap to burying a drunken murderer-suicide and his victim.

Brother David is a frequent visitor at the town's bars. There are few places to visit. He drops in not to look with pious scorn, but to keep the common touch. The habitues, drunk or sober, greet him warmly. If one needs a supporting arm homeward Brother David lends it.

His creed is one of love, understanding, and service.

The children are his particular pride and they return his affection. Daily groups of them come to hear a fable or a mythical story, in which Brother David draws heavily on his experience as an actor to add realism.

"I have never been happier in my life," Brother David says. "I try to be of service and answer any call no matter the distance or time of night. Even with the excessive loneliness I often feel I wouldn't trade this for the fame and wealth of all the actors in Hollywood."

He has but two unfilled wants that he prays a good angel some day may provide, a jeep to supplant the steel-braced boots that now carry him on his treks over the desert, and enough money for a recreation hall to lure the youngsters of his flock out of the back rooms of the saloons.

"I always had wanted to be in the church," he said. "As I grew older this yearning became stronger and my decision came.

"Several years ago it seemed to me that in my prayers I was always asking for something. I realized how selfish this was and wanted to do something in gratitude for my blessings. I asked God what I could do.

"When I awoke the next morning the answer was in my mind. 'Why not give yourself to the service of God?' That was it. I went to see a cleric friend at once."

Arrangements were made for him to enter the Monastery of St. Mary and St. John (Anglican) at Cambridge, Mass., and there he assumed the name of Brother David, patron saint of Wales, his native land.

After two years at Cambridge he entered the Anglican Monastery of the Holy Cross at West Park, N. Y. Four years ago he was sent to the Holy Cross Mission on the Pyramid Lake Indian Reservation, an agency with about 600 Piute Indians at Nixon, Nevada.

Brother David found the life there to his liking. He grew fond of his Indian charges and they of him.

After six months at Nixon, Brother David was ordained priest and assigned to Wadsworth, but he still makes frequent visits to his Indian friends at Nixon, where he is welcomed by young and old alike.

From the canyon side where hostile Piutes once lurked Indians still appear when the snowy haired priest calls. They are smiling, bronze-faced children. Instead of the arrows of their ancestors they hurl a greeting: "Hello, Brother David."

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Innocent Killers

SOME philanthropist had better organize a society to protect humans from the animal kingdom — and quickly. It looks like the birds, bees and fish are ganging up against mankind. Just note these recent happenings:

Up in Brockton, Mass., a chicken shot 63-year-old Amadee Dupuis to death.

The fowl flew against a loaded .22 caliber rifle standing in a corner of the coop. The gun went off, and Amadee, who had come in to feed his flock, fell fatally wounded.

A few days later, in Cleveland, Melvin Loeblein, 31, was driving a trailer truck along a highway when a bee flew in and stung him on the forehead. Loeblein flung up his hands. The truck turned over and crushed him to death.

At St. Augustine, Fla., Ralph Reginald Rives Jr., a University of Florida sophomore, died as the result of a bite by a large fish, presumed to have been a barracuda. Rives was swimming when the marine monster attacked and, mangled his left leg so badly it had to be amputated. Transfusions failed to offset the shock and loss of blood.

Only luck prevented a sparrow from causing several deaths recently. The bird had carried a lighted cigarette to its nest beneath the roof of a Camden, N. J., home. The resultant smoke brought firemen rushing to the scene in time to prevent damage to the house. But the sparrow's nest was a loss.

"Probably smoking in bed," was Fire Chief Edward Ellender's smiling verdict.

Nor were these the first instances of aggression by lesser creatures. Some years ago in Rumania, a dead pig hanged a gypsy.

The hog was being carried from a rope slung around the gypsy's neck. The gypsy rested the pig on top of a high fence. The pig fell off on the other side, jerked the rope and broke the man's neck.

About the same time, near Paris, M. Nauche, a farmer, was riding in a straw-filled cart with his dog and double-barreled shotgun. The dog, scratching to make a bed in the straw, touched a trigger and a load of shot entered his master's leg.

M. Nauche screamed. The dog jumped, and pulled the other trigger. The second charge blasted the farmer's head, killing him.

But not all the slaughter by non-humans strikes humans. A North Carolina resident brought home some fresh oysters several years ago and left them on the kitchen floor while he went after a knife to open them.

He returned to find a big rat racing frantically around the room with its tail held fast in the grip of an oyster. Thus handicapped, the rat was speedily killed.

As the Farmer Entered the Hencoop, a Startled Fowl Flew Against His Loaded Rifle and "Shot" Him to Death.

Expensive Sweet Nothings

THE weeping girl points a trembling finger at the pale young man she has been strolling down the street with only a moment before.

"Arrest this man, Officer," she sobs out to the policeman standing near by.

"He—" the girl swallows tearfully, "—he told me last night he loved me, but now he says he doesn't."

"So!" says the officer, taking the young man's arm. "You come with me. You should know better than to try that."

This might very well happen in Uruguay in the near future. It will be no place for a man with a line.

If you can't back up all those sweet nothings with proof that you're not fooling, you may find yourself in trouble with the law. Uruguay is bent on protecting its frailer sex from being taken in by smooth-talking Don Juans.

The Uruguayan Chamber of Deputies has received a bill providing heavy penalties for deceiving a woman "either by telling her a lie, or by using any scheme for causing her to fix her attention on the man courting her." The bill applies to "any relation, social or amorous," and recommends fines from $25 to $500, with the fines doubled if the man is married.

This means you could bring your girl candy, but not in a heart-shaped box. You could write her notes, but not signed "with love." And never could you tell her you loved her unless you were ready to make the first payment on a ring.

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GIVE A VOIT BALL FOR CHRISTMAS

Whether you select a football, basketball, softball or the complete VOIT SPORTS CHEST—no gift provides such continued healthful enjoyment as good sports balls. For all young people good athletic equipment is indispensable—aiding them in competitive games at school, providing poise, bodily strength, health and self-confidence. Whatever else you're planning to give—read why you should include VOIT, the ball specified by more than 100,000 U.S. schools and colleges.

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Dillinger and the woman in red

By Peter Levins

WITH the incredibly daring rescue of John Dillinger from the "impregnable" Lima, Ohio, jail in October, 1933, one of the most murderous bands of outlaws ever assembled roared into high gear.

The real-life drama that ensued, more thrill-packed than anything Hollywood had ever concocted, reached its climax nine months later in Chicago when Anna Sage, the Woman in Red, took her life in her hands to lead the desperately hunted Dillinger into a federal trap.

Dillinger, incorrigible product of a respectable Indiana family, had been sent away in 1924, at the age of 20, for slugging an intended robbery victim.

In the state prison at Michigan City he had found kindred spirits in four long-term criminals - Harry Pierpont, John Hamilton, Charley Makley and Russell Clark.

On his release on parole, May 10, 1933, Dillinger soon set in motion a previously-discussed scheme to "spring" his pals. In three months he staged a series of bank stickups which supplied funds for the small arsenal he smuggled into the prison, and on Sept. 26, Pierpont, Hamilton, Makley and Clark got loose with six others.

By this time Dillinger himself had just been caught in Dayton and imprisoned in Lima. He was there on Oct. 12 when Pierpont, Makley and Clark visited the jail office of Sheriff Jesse Sarber. They posed as officers from Michigan City, killed the sheriff and freed Dillinger.

"I stick to my friends and they stick to me," he remarked later.

The manhunt which followed reached gigantic proportions. Even so, the gang, with Dillinger as its absolute leader, chose to lie low for less than a month.

It is not possible to approximate the number of robberies this mob perpetrated, the amount of loot, nor the number of lives which were lost. In most accounts, the latter total is put, conservatively, at 13—six members of the gang, six officers of the law, and one bystander.

As later developed, Dillinger made Chicago his headquarters during November and December. Meanwhile he and his men carried through raids in small towns within driving distance of the metropolis, despite the increasing manhunt.

On Nov. 15, Dillinger barely escaped a trap when he visited a Chicago dentist.

On New Year's Day, he and six others held up the Beverly Gardens, a Chicago night club. Police officers tried to stop them and a battle ensued. Two officers and two gangsters were wounded.

On Jan. 15, 1934, the Dillinger forces invaded the First National Bank in East Chicago, Ind., a few miles to the east of Chicago proper.

While they were inside, Patrolman William P. O'Malley entered and fired four shots at Dillinger. The bullets, if any found the target, had no effect; he was wearing a bullet-proof vest.

"You asked for it!" Dillinger snarled, and riddled the officer with machine gun bullets.

They escaped with $15,000 cash.

Now, more than ever, the heat was on. Now,

On New Year's Day, Dillinger and His Gang Held Up the Beverly Gardens, a Chicago Night Club. It Was an Incredibly Daring Exploit and in the Battle That Ensued Two Police Officers and Two Members of the Gang Were Wounded.

Illustrated by JULES GOTLIEB

if not already, he became the most hunted outlaw in history. Many states wanted to get their hands on him. But he remained uncannily elusive, which, of course, served to heighten public excitement.

After the East Chicago job, the gang prudently suspended operations for the time being. They had a number of reasons for taking a holiday.

For one thing, snow had begun to clog the roads, hampering quick getaways. For another, the O'Malley murder had aroused every police officer within hearing distance of a radio. And finally, they now had almost more cash than they could conveniently carry.

* * *

THE scene shifts to Tucson, Ariz., ordinarily a pleasant place in which to relax.

Early on Tuesday morning, Jan. 23, 1934, the Congress hotel in Tucson was swept by fire, and the guests had to leave in a hurry. Some didn't bother about their luggage; others were extremely anxious not to leave their luggage behind.

On Wednesday afternoon, a fireman was glancing through a crime magazine at the firehouse. Suddenly he let loose a shout:

"The Dillinger gang's in town!"

"Wh-a-a-t?" yelled another fireman.

"Dillinger gang! They were at the Congress hotel! They were the guests that were handing out the big bills!"

The other fireman nodded, staring at the pictures in the magazine. "Some of those bags sure were heavy, too! Guns—that's what was in 'em!"

Police officers showed the magazine pictures to hotel employes, who identified Dillinger, Pierpont, Makley and Clark.

The Tucson officers coursed over town, making discreet inquiries. One tip led them to a tourist camp on the outskirts. There they found a tall, mild, scholarly looking man they immediately recognized as Pierpont.

They did not search him because they pretended that he was suspected of being someone wanted on a trivial charge. He offered no objection as they took him to headquarters.

But once inside, when they attempted to handcuff him, he suddenly drew two guns and backed toward the door.

Patrolman Frank Eymans made a leap, knocked Pierpont's guns aside, and jammed his own gun against the captive's stomach.

That ended that. The handcuffs were snapped on his wrists, and Pierpont was led away to a cell.

Meanwhile, other officers had been looking for another member of the gang who, with a woman, was reported to have been seen in the shopping district. The pair was traced to a radio store, and the man was Charles Makley. He was buying a short-wave set capable of getting police calls.

He looked up from an absorbed inspection of the radio to find himself confronted by half a dozen police guns.

They relieved him of a pistol and led him away to join Pierpont. His woman companion, a local cabaret entertainer, pleaded ignorance of Makley's identity and was released.

Next, No. 3. He was traced to an apartment in the northern part of Tucson. A detective, posing as a salesman, called at the apartment and knocked. The door opened, and there stood Russell Clark. In the background stood a girl.

"Beat it!" Clark snapped, and was about to slam the door when he spotted two other officers coming down the hall.

Clark made a dive for a gun lying on a table. The "salesman" made a dive for Clark.

They were rolling on the floor when the other officers rushed in and knocked the fight out of the fugitive by beating him on the head with the butts of their pistols. Several hours now elapsed.

Had Dillinger vanished again?

The Tucson officers decided to set a trap at the house where Clark had been living.

Presently a car drew up. It contained Dillinger and a young woman later identified as his dark-eyed French-Indian sweetheart, Evelyn Frechette.

Dillinger stepped out to reconnoiter. He carried a small machine gun, only partly concealed by his coat. He walked to the front door and inserted a key.

At that moment, six officers came out of the shrubbery and surrounded the porch.

"Drop that gun, *John!*" one shouted.

John dropped it.

"My God, how did you know I was in town?" he exclaimed after his captors had removed $9,178 from his person and placed him in a cell. "I'll be the laughing-stock of the country! How could I know a hick town police force would nab me?"

His companions gave up another $10,000, and several well-stuffed sacks of currency were found in the kitchen of the Dillinger-Clark hideout.

SOON he was aboard a plane, Indiana-bound. He was to stand trial for the O'Malley murder, while Pierpont, Makley and Clark were turned over to the Ohio authorities.

When the plane taxied to its landing place at the municipal airport, Chicago, on Jan. 30, it passed through a lane of Indiana state troopers and nearly 100 Chicago detectives armed with revolvers, machine guns and tear gas bombs.

Dillinger, who seemed to enjoy this extraordinary attention, was lifted from the plane and, handcuffed and manacled, carried to a waiting car. Then, with an escort worthy of visiting royalty, he was sped away to the Lake County prison at Crown Point, Ind.

There—to that official's subsequent great embarrassment—Prosecutor Robert Estill genially posed for cameramen with his arm draped chummily around the celebrated captive's shoulder.

"This is the end of the trail of John Dillinger," Estill told reporters after Dillinger had been securely locked in a cell. "We have only a short wait while we adjust the legal straps that will bind him to the electric chair.

"Men who knew him personally when he lived in East Chicago witnessed the slaying at his hand of Patrolman O'Malley. He has been positively identified in other killings."

"We are taking every precaution," chimed in Lake County's woman sheriff, Lillian Holley. "There'll be extra guards on duty day and night.

"But we're really not afraid of his escape. He might be able to fight his way out of some jails but he won't break this jail. We brought out machine guns when we heard he'd been captured, and the deputies have been practicing daily.

"I fear nothing short of an army."

One headline that day read:

DILLINGER SAFE
IN INDIANA JAIL
AFTER TRIP EAST

Certainly it looked as though the curtain was about to come down on the Dillinger drama.

His top lieutenants were in the Lima, Ohio, jail, which the authorities were feverishly fortifying. Here in Crown Point every conceivable precaution was being taken. Within a matter of weeks, the prisoner would go on trial, and his conviction seemed a foregone conclusion.

No, there just didn't seem to be anything Dillinger could do. Therefore, to while away the monotonous hours, he took to that most harmless of hobbies: whittling. He fashioned all sorts of small objects—boats, fans, tops, airplane propellers, etc.—and became extremely skilful.

His jail mates nicknamed him, laughingly, "John the Whittler."

* * *

NINE days before Dillinger's scheduled trial, at 8:30 a. m., March 3, Deputy Sheriff Ernest Blunk, the prison fingerprint expert, walked down the corridor toward the outlaw's cell. He intended to take the prints of Dillinger's cellmate, Henry Jelinek, also held on a murder charge.

Blunk opened the door and entered. He carried his fingerprint equipment but no weapon.

Immediately, while the door was still open, he felt something hard against his ribs.

"Do as you're told or you're a dead duck," Dillinger said. "Step into this bull pen cell."

Blunk, acutely conscious of that object against his ribs, obeyed, and the cell door clanged behind him.

A few minutes later, Warden Louis Baker strolled into the cell.

"Stick 'em up, Warden!" said Dillinger.

Baker found himself standing there with his hands in the air, staring at what undoubtedly appeared to be a small black automatic.

Dillinger put him in the bull pen cell with Blunk.

Next, Turnkey Sam Calhoun came on stage, engaged in his morning rounds. He carried the keys of the jail in one hand and a supply of soap in the other.

Calhoun joined Blunk and Baker. He still had the soap; Dillinger had the keys.

Dillinger descended a stairway to the first floor and walked through the corridor to the warden's office. Through the glass door he could see a national guardsman.

The soldier lolled at his ease with his back toward the door. On a small table near by reposed two machine guns.

DILLINGER entered quietly and seized the guns before the guardsman could make a move.

"Come upstairs," Dillinger ordered.

The guardsman went into the bull pen.

Dillinger now opened the cell of Herbert Youngblood, a colored murderer, saying, "You can come with me if you want."

"Yes, sir!" Youngblood exclaimed.

Dillinger handed him a machine gun, then issued a similar invitation to Jelinek.

"No, thanks," the latter replied. "I want no part of this business!"

"Okay by me," said Dillinger.

He went to the bull pen, collected $15 from his captives—"for expenses," he explained—then ordered Blunk to come with him.

"We're going to need a car," he said.

En route to the basement, the party halted at the jail kitchen, where Mrs. Lou Linton was at work.

"Just be a good girl," Dillinger advised her. "If you keep quiet, nothing will happen to you."

They proceeded to the basement, where stood two cars. However, neither motor would start because of the freezing weather.

"Let's try outside," Dillinger suggested.

Still keeping Blunk ahead of them, they passed through an alley that led to the street. They walked by the Criminal Court building, where Dillinger was to have stood trial, and continued on to the Main Street garage, some 300 feet from the jail. They entered via a rear door.

"I'm Dillinger," said the notorious criminal.

This announcement had a paralyzing effect on the persons within hearing: Edward Saager, garageman, several other employes, and Robert Volk, a mail carrier. Volk carried a pistol but he had removed his belt, and the weapon was slung over his shoulder.

Dillinger turned to Saager, asking, "What's the fastest car in the place?"

"Sheriff Holley's."

"We'll take it," Dillinger said after a brief inspection of the car, a Ford V-8, Indiana license 679-929. "Mmm, I like those red headlights!" he added.

But first he stepped outside to make a final check. He saw three men in conversation on Main St.—a national guardsman and two more deputy sheriffs.

IN AN exhibition of self-confidence that would be hard to match in any criminal biography, Dillinger strolled toward this trio, carrying the machine gun under a coat he had appropriated. The men paid no attention to him.

"Come on, boys," he said, showing the gun.

Soon they were in the bull pen, and Dillinger strolled back to the garage.

"Okay, get in," he told Blunk. "You'll be the driver."

Blunk got in.

"You get in the back," the leisurely fugitive told Saager. "Youngblood, you sit beside him."

The car rolled out of the garage.

"Drive slow and easy," Dillinger directed. "Thirty-five or forty will be fast enough."

They traversed country roads. Then, at a point about 20 miles west of Joliet, Ill., the car skidded on the muddy road and went into a ditch.

Dillinger, still quite unhurried, directed the job of getting the car back on the road. It took about 40 minutes.

"Better put on chains," he told Saager.

The garageman did so, and the journey continued.

They drove in a westerly direction. About three miles east of Peotone, Ill., Dillinger said:

"Pull up here."

Blunk stopped the car and glanced apprehensively at his captor. What now? A massacre?

"This looks like an out-of-the-way spot," Dillinger said, looking around. "I don't see any telephone wires. Well, I guess this is as far as you fellows are going. This colored boy and I will take it up from here."

BLUNK and Saager both let loose immense sighs of relief.

Dillinger handed them some cigarets and $4. "That ought to get you back to Crown Point," he said.

Then, laughing merrily, he produced something from his pocket. It was a thing of wood and black shoe polish—a beautiful replica of an automatic.

"You tell 'em back there!" he chortled. "Tell 'em I did it with my little wooden pistol!"

He was still laughing as the car roared away.

Thus the curtain fell—but only on the second act of the Dillinger drama.

The final act which presently got under way stands alone in criminal history for violence, astonishing escapes, and a closing scene, featuring the Woman in Red, in which the weapons very definitely were not made of wood.

(Concluded Next Week)

A vital message to young men on the new Army Technical School Plan

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Romantic Rider

LOCHINVAR, who came out of the West on a horse, can move over and make room for a fellow Scot. His successor is Michael McDonald, who rode, not just across a border, but across two continents on a bicycle—to claim a bride.

The South African's Trusty Bicycle Carried Him Across Two Continents to Join the Girl He Loved but Had Never Met.

No hostile kinsman fingered daggers and glowered at Mike, and no rival was about to drag pretty Nita Boyd of Auckland, New Zealand, to the altar against her wishes.

Mike had only to overcome distance, and the fact that he and his fiancee had never met before. They'd been pen pals and he'd proposed by mail after nine years' correspondence.

Mike is a former long-distance cycling champion of Johannesburg, South Africa, and when Nita finally penned her "yes," he hopped aboard his trusty bike and was off.

It was nearly 500 miles to Capetown and he made it in four days. A freighter skipper, sympathetic with romance and short of crew, let him work his way to Fremantle, in Western Australia.

MIKE, who'd spent his spare time during the voyage oiling and overhauling his metal charger, promptly climbed ashore and sped eastward on the next lap. Right across the whole Down Under continent he pedaled, and he reached Sydney two months later.

There he was held up until the American vessel Marine Phoenix gave him passage to New Zealand.

As the steamer neared Auckland all sorts of horrible fears assailed Mike.

Suppose, despite all those photographs, Nita didn't even recognize him?

Just to be sure, the groom-to-be got a big board and painted "Michael" on it. He held it aloft as the Marine Phoenix neared her pier, held it until a slim girl whom he easily recognized as Nita yoohooed at him and waved her handkerchief frantically.

Several minutes later they were in each other's arms, and Mike knew his fears had been groundless Nita was his, all right, and even prettier than her picture had shown her to be.

A few days later they were married. There was no thought of a cycling honeymoon. Mike's bike wasn't built to carry a passenger. They traveled leisurely by boat to New Zealand's picturesque South Island.

There's no hurry about returning to South Africa. Folks in their income bracket don't make long trips often. Next time, even a bicycle built for two might not carry the McDonalds.

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● Are you suffering from the muscular back pains that often come from rheumatism?

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Name .....

Street .....

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(Sorry, offer good in U. S. A. only.)

I'd rather be
RIGHT

There's satisfaction in *knowing* your toilet bowl is really clean. Be sure—use Sani-Flush. Sani-Flush works by chemical action. It removes stains and film that harbor germs and cause odors. It saves you from messy work.

Effective in hard or soft water. Safe in all toilet systems. Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton 2, Ohio.

Sani-Flush

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If externally-caused pimples, eczema, or other minor skin irritations are making you miserable and embarrassed, try this 10-Day Test. Apply clean, pleasant-scented MERCUREX (*mercy-rex*) Ointment every day according to directions in package. Mercirex is medicated with SIX active ingredients that help soothe itching, smarting pimples and bumps, help correct dryness, prevent local infection. Flesh-tinted, stainless. Can be used any time. Money back if not satisfied after 10 days. Ointment, 60¢. Mercirex Soap, 25¢. Mercirex Shampoo, 50¢. At druggstores.

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In This Issue Sally Young Gives the Perfect Hostess "The Final Touch."

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Prompt germ-killing action may head off the trouble or lessen its severity

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When you receive such warning get started at once with the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

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Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those "secondary invaders"...the very germs, according to some authorities that can cause much of the misery of a cold. Used frequently during the 12-to-36-hour "incubation" period when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic may help guard against a mass invasion of germs and help head off the trouble before it gets a good start.

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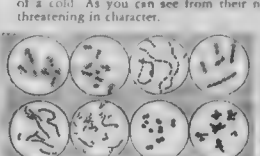
THE "SECONDARY INVADERS"

Here are some types of the Secondary Invaders which many authorities say cause much of the misery of a cold. As you can see from their names, they're threatening in character.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III. Pneumococcus Type IV. Staphylococcus viridans. Friedländer's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus. Bacillus influenzae. Micrococcus catarrhalis. Staphylococcus aureus.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED GERMS UP TO 96.7% IN TESTS

Be sweet—be desirable—be lovely in this heart-stealing black Romaine sheer dress with gay "peek-a-boo" neckline. Perfect for Fall and Winter, richly tailored with fine details found only in more expensive dresses

New longer length . . . flared flounce trimmed with wide, sheer black lace . . new draped hipline . . . capped sleeves. The hugging shirred front and slim-as-a-feather waistline flatter you instantly. Tie back belt. Order "Peek a Boo" today in time for holiday and party wear. Money back if not absolutely delighted! Sizes 9-15.

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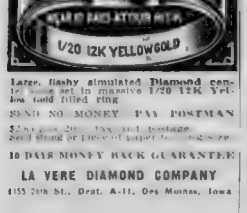

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10 DAYS MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

LA VERE DIAMOND COMPANY

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Teen-Age Tempest

To Kiss or Not to Kiss?

By URSULA TROW

IN a recent column Audrey Brooks of Appleton, Wis., told us her "dream man" had stood her up on her second date because she wouldn't kiss him good-night on their first date.

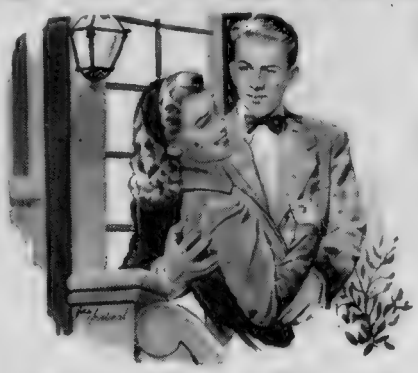
She wanted to know if she did the right thing by not letting him kiss her.

Audrey was certainly within her rights when she refused to kiss the lad on a first date, wrote **Marilyn Gross** of Pen Argyl, Pa., case knows a good girl when he sees one and that he will be back.

Cecilia Zyla of Detroit thinks it's rude not to kiss the boys good-night, for she is sure they all expect it.

Arlene Hoffman of Washington, D. C., believes that if you want to keep your man you have to make sentimental gestures now and then.

Pfc. James Larkin of Cherry Point, N. C., advises Audrey not to let her high



The Girl Refused to Kiss the Boy Good-Night on Their First Date, and Can't Make Up Her Mind Whether She Was Smart or Silly.

Mary Peritone of Brooklyn, N. Y., **Joy LoBello**, of Vernon, N. Y., **Dorothy McGrade** of Binghamton, N. Y., and **Marcy Wagner** of Manitowoc, Wis.

The "dream man" in question couldn't have been so dreamy if he stood her up and did not respect a girl who does not kiss every Tom, Dick and Harry she goes out with, said **Rita Martin** of Detroit. **Audrey Zentz** of Baltimore, **Louise Bruck** of Cleveland, **Mary Lou Mechem** of Washington, D. C., and **Dorothy Winn**, of Providence, R. I.

Robert W. Thomas of Clinton, Ind., and **M. E. Price** of Tyrone, Pa., said that if the boy did not like her well enough for a second date he was not worth a kiss on the first one.

Ann Hill of Atlanta, Ga., **Donald F. Kenneally** of East Bridgewater, Mass., **Florence Moss** of Miami, Fla., and **Virginia Huske** of Chicago suggest that perhaps Audrey did not do the refusing right.

Shirlee Doerer of Baltimore, **B. Glazik** of Brooklyn and **Henry R. Mora** of Santa Ana, Calif., believed the young fellow in the standards freeze her heart.

Barbara Smith of Detroit put it this way: "If you like the boy very much and want him to kiss you, let him. If you don't, don't let him."

"A girl does not go out with a boy unless she really likes him, so why should she refuse a kiss?" asks **Lorraine Sikerski** of Los Angeles.

Janet Miller of Centralia, Wash., says "Most kids around here think nothing of kissing on a first date. The boys don't think you are worth taking out if they cannot kiss you—and I don't see anything wrong with it."

Al Marrer of Warren, Pa., says if this fellow is really Audrey's dream man he rated a kiss in the interest of future dates.

A kiss is a sign of affection and should not be given in exchange for a mere date, wrote **Rose Marie Toth, Carolyn Urban** and **Dorothy James** of Cleveland.

We would like to hear from more of you. Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.

Canteen Mystery

WE'VE received hundreds of letters from teeners who complain that they have no place of their own to go.

Well, up in Elmira, New York, the YWCA arranged a super-special night for the youngsters. Volunteers painted fresh lines on the gym floor for shuffleboard. They strung a volley ball net. They set up dart boards, Chinese checkers, card tables. They rounded up some dreamy dance discs and rolled back the rugs from two parlors.

Downstairs in the snack bar they laid in a supply of soft drinks and ice cream. They got in touch with several churches and made announcements of the big night a week ahead of scheduled time.

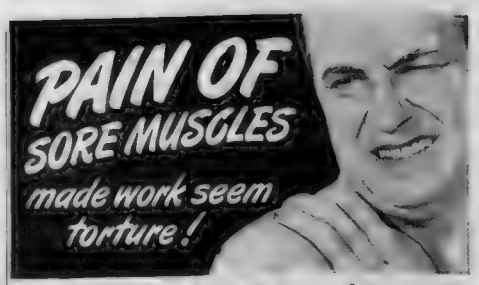
The get-together sounded so interesting that the local paper sent a man to cover the event.

Came the big evening. The volunteers were on hand to get things going.

A big crowd was expected —and only 13 teen-agers showed up.

Why do you suppose the throng did not turn out?

Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey St., New York 7, N. Y.



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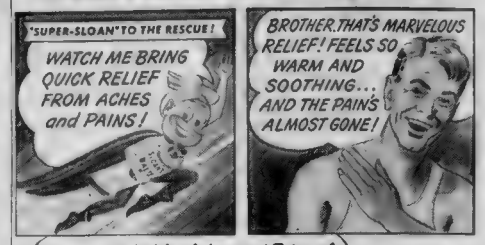
"SUPER-SLOAN" TO THE RESCUE!
WATCH ME BRING QUICK RELIEF FROM ACHES and PAINS!
BROTHER, THAT'S MARVELOUS RELIEF! FEELS SO WARM AND SOOTHING... AND THE PAIN'S ALMOST GONE!

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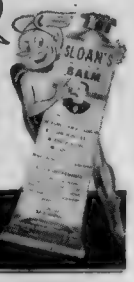

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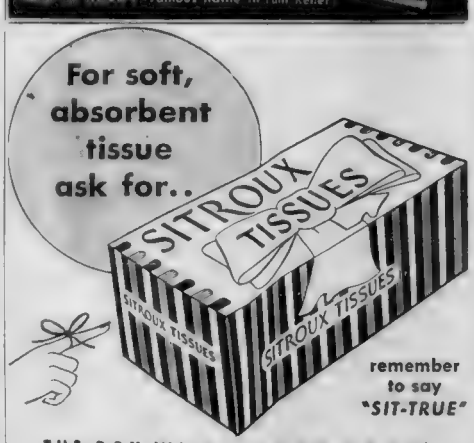
For soft, absorbent tissue ask for..



remember to say "SIT-TRUE"

THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

HEAD COLD?

that's a job for *"Comfy"* and *"Minty"* the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

Quick MENTHOLATUM

● When head-cold misery makes you gasp for air, and your nose feels raw and tender, reach for cooling, soothing Mentholatum and B-R-E-A-T-H-E! Mentholatum contains comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. These two famous, fast-acting ingredients help thin out thick mucus, reduce swelling, soothe cold-inflamed membranes. Soon soreness eases up, your head starts to clear. Don't take head-cold misery lying down—keep Mentholatum handy.

ALSO RELIEVES CHEST-COLD TIGHTNESS, NASAL IRRITATION AND CHAPPING

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RONSON SERVICER

This thoughtful gift holds everything for best service in any lighter, as follows:

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FUN ON THE AIR. Tune in on Ronson's "20 Questions" Sat. P. M. (Sun. P. M. Pacific Coast), Mutual Network.

Gray Hair

If your hair is graying, if it's drab and colorless, if it looks "washed out", or if you are not happy about the color of your hair, the new improved Instant **CLAIROL** Oil Shampoo Tint is your answer. "For **CLAIROL** is the world's most natural looking hair coloring. Beauticians say, "**CLAIROL** often helps make women look ten years younger." And in one quick treatment too. Permanently colors hair to which it is applied. If you are unhappy with the hair coloring you are now using — if it gives your hair an artificial look — then you owe it to your "audience" to follow the advice of experts and switch to **CLAIROL** this very day.

* *Proof that the new improved Instant CLAIROL colors hair on nature's plan and gives amazing new sheen may be seen at Clairol Instruction Center, 510 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y.*

Caution: Use only as directed on the label.

Cougher's Friend!

Relief from coughs, throat irritations, huskiness of colds or smoking comes fast with Vicks *Medicated* Cough Drops. So effective because they're *really medicated* with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. Try 'em!

Letters to the Editor

I WAS very much interested in your article, "Wiles of the Fortune Tellers," especially in the point you made that fortune tellers don't trust one another.

Some years ago my neighbor, who was a medium, asked me to attend a meeting given by a fortune teller who claimed to produce spirits. We were seated in a circle, and told not to touch the spirits if they came near us. The lights went out and a vision began floating around. Suddenly a scream split the air. The vision vanished, and the lights snapped on.

We were told to "get out, and never come back." One of us had deliberately bruised the spirit, we were told. Our dollar admission was not returned.

Afterwards my neighbor laughed, "I knew she was a fake, so I pinched her!"

Mrs. Elsie Mortenson,
Tacoma, Wash.

* * *

I follow Sally Young's beauty column in The American Weekly faithfully, and many of her helpful hints have found their way into my daily schedule.

I like the clean-cut, straight-to-the-point way she writes the column, and much of her information is unavailable elsewhere. I also have all your beauty charts, and believe me, they've helped me a lot.

Dorothy Sarken,
Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I have been a reader of the New York Journal-American for many years, and enjoy The American Weekly immensely.

I especially enjoyed your Bible story on Rebecca. Won't you please continue this series, selecting a Bible character each week? I am sure that many of your other subscribers would appreciate such a feature.

Helen F. Genere,
Newark, N. J.

(The American Weekly plans to publish more "Women in the Bible" stories—Ed.)

* * *

You deserve bushels of orchids for the splendid and educational magazine section you put out. I am sure that thousands of students feel the same way after reading just a few of the interesting articles in The American Weekly.

Genevieve Galkowski,
Chicago, Ill.

Will you please send me a copy of your "Eat and Grow Slim" diet? Kindly address me c/o Legislative Office, California State Building, Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. Jack B. Tenney
Los Angeles, Calif.

(We are glad to send a copy to the wife of State Senator Tenney.—Ed.)

* * *

Please send me several copies of your booklet, "My Faith." I would appreciate it very much.

Rev. W. Kolans
Akron, Ohio.

(Rev. Kolans has been sent several copies—Ed.)

* * *

I am a Belgian missionary in the Philippines and would like to subscribe to The American Weekly. I have just been appointed head of a high school which was destroyed during the war. I have to rebuild the school and set up a library and laboratory.

As you can understand, I am greatly in need of good books and magazines.

Father A. Van Nuffelen,
Catholic Rectory,
Tubao-La Union, Philippines

* * *

I read Dean Cornwell's article on "The Decadence of Modern Art," and want to tell you how much I enjoyed it. How right you are about this so-called "modern art." I have always felt it was a lazy man's way to paint, just a good excuse for not trying for the perfection to be found in the lovely masterpieces of the old masters.

Although I never expect to make a living from art, I have sold a few of my paintings which are natural and conventional and not at all "modern."

Barbara Leach,
Washington, D. C.

* * *

I am a junior at Wenatchee High School. I thought you might be interested in knowing that in our Latin class the teacher showed us some pictures of various Greek and Roman mythological characters. They were covers of The American Weekly, some as far back as 1931.

Robert Gaston,
Wenatchee, Wash.

In writing to The Editor, address him *care of* The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

The Luck of George White

"WELL, George always was lucky," many persons said, and George White admits he has had lots of luck. He once won $300,000 on a single horse race and many of his out-of-town "flops" became Broadway hits. Even his first "Scandals" was almost his last, until a fast re-write job sent it on to fame.

Yes, he has had luck, from his days of dancing in Bowery saloons through his rise to the Gay White Way and millions, but it has not all been good. In 1946, the man who had created dozens of stars went bankrupt. Early this year, he was tending sheep in California for 35 cents a day.

It is a colorful career glittering with names such as Al Jolson, Ann Pennington, Irving Berlin, Helen Morgan and a host of others—that he looks back upon. Now, he is aiming for a fresh start in New York. Don't miss the story he tells himself in "The Luck of George White," a series beginning in next week's American Weekly.

LESS than a year ago, The American Weekly published a series of articles describing the manner in which four companies were maintaining high prices for sex hormones. When the article appeared, Attorney General Tom Clark promised an immediate investigation. Today the price of hormones has been cut approximately in half.

In addition, new scientific discoveries may alter the entire sex-hormone field. For an up-to-date picture of how you are affected by these latest developments, read "Hormones for Millions," in next week's issue.

Tasty Tricks with BRAZIL NUTS

BRAZIL NUT PRICES NOW 10% TO 15% LOWER THAN LAST YEAR

Brazil Nut Cake

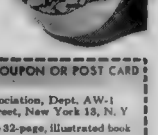
Add one cup of Brazil Nuts—chopped, ground or grated—to your favorite cake, cookie or fancy bread batters. 96% of women who have tried this recipe agree it's a grand idea.

Brazil Nut Turkey Stuffing

Add one cup chopped or ground Brazil Nuts to every 4 cups of bread cubes. Gives thrilling new flavor.

WITH most food prices higher this year, Brazil Nut prices are actually *lower*. So fill the nut bowl. In addition, use nutritious Brazil Nuts in the main dish of the meal, to help you save money on meats. Brazil Nuts are rich in body-building protein—in oil content—in vitamins and minerals. Write for complete recipe book—free.

Toasted Brazil Nuts Just heat in moderate oven a few minutes. Toasting brings out their wonderful flavor. Makes unshelled nuts easier to shell.



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Hearty, wholesome! Extra-tasty! Baked the traditional old-time New England way (not steamed), with pork and spicy sauces, for *one entire day* . . . "Down East" in Portland, Maine. Burnham & Morrill Co.

Spice your thrifty meats with this tangy flavor . . . make a barbecue feast out of a plain dinner.

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FIRST AID FOR CLEVER COOKS

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EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies
OLD FASHIONED SPICED PEACH with Cherry
We slice plump, juicy peaches, spice them, add luscious cherries, and make a spread that's just delicious!
FREE RECIPES
Send for colorful booklet with recipes for desserts, tea-time goodies, and stews
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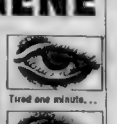
EVERBEST
PRESERVES

Make the 7-Piece Doll's Wardrobe Which Is Shown in the Pattern Feature in This Issue.

Weary Eyes
Relieved In SECONDS With SAFE
EYE-GENE

Just two drops of EYE-GENE—presto—eyes tired, irritated from wind, over-work, glare or smoke—are cleared, refreshed and rested in seconds! Use EYE-GENE every day. It's gentle and safe. 25c, 60c, $1 bottles at Drug Stores.



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

First Step Shoes

Insist on the smooth, one-piece tongue. Seamed-on tongue causes irritation. Get Wee Walkers at stores listed

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Retrogasten Chain Stores Glassey Shoe Stores
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Schultz-Baird Charles Stores McLellan Stores

Write for free pamphlet with size scale, Dept. AW

Moran Shoe Co., Carlyle, Ill.

Household Almanac

— Amy Alden

Let Cranberries With Walnuts and Bananas Complement Your Turkey for a Good Dinner.

Thanksgiving Dinner For The Family

WHETHER your Thanksgiving guest list is large or includes only a small family, you need have no problem. We are giving you a chart for roasting a whole or half turkey. You can, with just one or two additions, build your entire Thanksgiving dinner around the recipes given here.

If you are serving a large turkey you will find the celery stuffing light and delicate, a perfect filling for the bird. While the rich chestnut stuffing is used for the crop cavity, it is better served in smaller portions.

The frozen salad and pumpkin pie can be made earlier in the day, thus leaving time for the last minute details and family chats while dinner cooks.

Temperature-Time Table for Roasting Turkey

Use uncovered roaster. Add no water. Do not baste. Do not turn. Do not pierce meat with fork.

Dressed Weight (minus head, feet and organs)	Temperature of Oven	Approx. Time per lb.
7 up to 10 lbs.	300° F.	30 min.
10 up to 15 lbs.	300° F.	20 min.
15 up to 18 lbs.	300° F.	18 min.
18 up to 20 lbs.	300° F.	15 min.
20 up to 24 lbs.	300° F.	13 min.

Roast Half Turkey

Remove oil sac on tail, singe, wash and dry the half turkey. Rub inside cavity with salt—about ¼ tsp. per lb. To keep skin from shrinking and to protect breast meat during roasting, skewer the skin to the breast meat on the keelbone edge with poultry pins. Then tie the leg, just above the knuckle joint, to the tail.

Then the half turkey is placed, cut side down, on a wire rack in an uncovered roasting pan. Brush thoroughly with melted fat. Then cover with a clean piece of cheesecloth that has been dipped in melted fat. Roast at 325° F. 25 min. per lb. When bird is half done, remove from roasting pan. Put a well greased double thickness of brown paper, in oval shape, on wire rack. On it mound the dressing.

Next place the half turkey over the dressing so that it completely covers it. Then continue roasting until bird is done. Remove trussings before serving.

Chestnut Stuffing

½ lb. chestnuts (1 cup boiled)
½ lb. sausage meat
¼ cup minced onion
1 tbsp. butter or margarine
2 cups lightly packed toasted crumbs
½ cup hot water
1 tsp. dried sage
1½ tsps. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

Wash chestnuts and make a long slit through the shell on both sides. Bake in a very hot oven of 500° F. for 15 min. Remove from oven, take off shells and skin. Then boil chestnuts for 20 min. in boiling salted water to cover. Drain; chop medium fine. Saute sausage meat, onion and butter in a skillet for about 10 min., or until sausage is cooked and onion is tender. To the toast crumbs add hot water, sage, salt and pepper. Combine the three mixtures and use to stuff the crop of a bird weighing about 8 lbs.

Celery Stuffing

4 cups finely diced celery
2 cups boiling water
⅛ cup minced onion
¾ cup butter or margarine
4 qts. day-old bread crumbs
5 tsps. poultry seasoning
1 tbsp. salt
1 tsp. pepper

Simmer celery in the boiling water, covered, for 15 min. Drain, reserving 1 cup of the liquor. Cook the onion in butter over low heat until tender. Mix crumbs and seasoning together. Add celery, 1 cup celery liquor, butter, and onion, and mix with a fork. Use to fill body cavity and crop of turkey, duck or capon. Stuffs a 10-lb. bird.

Frozen Pineapple and Cheese Salad

1 tsp. unflavored gelatin
2 tbsps. cold water
3 tbsps. mayonnaise
2 3-oz. pkgs. cream cheese
¼ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. paprika
2 drops Worcestershire sauce
1 cup drained, canned, crushed pineapple
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
Lettuce
French dressing

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 min.; set over boiling water and stir until dissolved. Blend cream cheese with mayonnaise, salt, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Combine pineapple with the gelatin, add to cheese mixture and blend. Fold in cream. Turn into tray of an automatic refrigerator with control at coldest setting, and chill until set. Cut into small squares and arrange 4 on lettuce leaf. Serve with French dressing. Serves 10.

Pan Roasted Potatoes

Pare 8 medium white potatoes and boil 10 min. Then arrange them around the roast in roasting pan and bake until tender, turning from time to time and basting with the fat in pan. About 40 min. before the roast is finished will bring them both out together.

Pumpkin Pie

1 unbaked 9" pie shell
1¾ cups canned or cooked fresh pumpkin
⅔ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
¾ tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. ginger
½ tsp. nutmeg
2 eggs
1 cup evaporated milk
½ cup water

Make pie shell having a fluted edge. Chill for several hours. Place pumpkin in skillet, over direct heat for 10 min., stirring frequently; Combine next 5 ingredients; add to hot pumpkin. Stir well. Beat eggs in large bowl; add evaporated milk and water. Slowly add pumpkin mixture to egg mixture. Strain pumpkin filling into pastry shell. Bake in hot oven 450° F. 15 min. Then reduce heat to 300° F. and bake 45 min., or until silver knife inserted in center comes out clean. When done, set on cake rack to cool. Serve cold, topping each piece with whipped cream, ice cream, or orange whip.

Orange Whip for Pumpkin Pie Topping

½ cup evaporated milk, ice cold
2 tbsps. lemon juice
2 tbsps. confectioners' sugar
2 tbsps. orange marmalade

Whip evaporated milk. Fold in lemon juice. Fold in sugar and marmalade

Cranberry-Banana

2 cups sugar
1½ cups water
4 cups fresh cranberries
3 yellow bananas

Boil sugar and water together 5 minutes. Add cranberries and boil, without stirring, until all the skins pop open—about 5 minutes. Remove from heat; fold in bananas cut in ½-inch slices. Cool, then chill for several hours. Serve with turkey or chicken.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

- ☐ (60) Gayelord Hauser Diet
- ☐ (61) Famous Recipes
- ☐ (62) New England Recipes
- ☐ (63) Candy Recipes
- ☐ (64) Quick Hot Breads
- ☐ (65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
- ☐ (66) Oyster Recipes
- ☐ (67) Waffles Tonight
- ☐ (68) Eggs for Every Meal
- ☐ (69) Let's Eat Fish
- ☐ (70) Casserole Recipes
- ☐ (71) Quickly Prepared Meals
- ☐ (73) Favorite Mexican Recipes
- ☐ (74) Foreign Recipes
- ☐ (75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
- ☐ (76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
- ☐ (77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
- ☐ (78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
- ☐ (79) New Cakes
- ☐ (80) Desserts and Sweets
- ☐ (81) Favorite Pie Recipes
- ☐ (82) Pies and Pastries
- ☐ (83) Favorite Soup Recipes
- ☐ (84) Meat for Family Meals
- ☐ (85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
- ☐ (86) Delicious Vegetables
- ☐ (87) New Vegetable Recipes
- ☐ (88) Almanac Points Recipes
- ☐ (89) Popular Salad Recipes
- ☐ (90) Salads and Dressings
- ☐ (91) Almanac Cookies
- ☐ (92) New Cookies
- ☐ (98) Children's Party Recipes
- ☐ (99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
- ☐ (100) Buffet Party Dishes
- ☐ (101) Lunchbox Fillers
- ☐ (102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

"Does a name influence a child's personality?"

ASKED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"BOSH! FIDDLESTICKS! And—*phooey!*" snorted Elmer, the bull. "How could a harmless thing like a *name* possibly influence a strong-minded kid like my Butch?"

"Please, darling!" agonized Elsie. "Don't ever call my little angel *'Butch'* again!"

"What's wrong with 'Butch'?" bridled Elmer. "My uncle Stuart was called 'Butch' all his life."

"See!" cried Elsie. "That *proves* that names have an influence—your Uncle Butch ended up in the ring."

"And I'll end up in the ring with the judges of your $25,000 name contest," threatened Elmer, "if they don't give, and *soon*, with a name for Butch— I mean my son."

"We'll know their decision before long," promised Elsie. "And I do pray they give him a *patrician* name."

"What in thunderation is a patrician name?" asked Elmer impatiently.

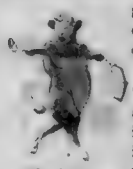
"Oh," blithely chirped Elsie, "a *superior* name, like Baron, or King, or Earl, or—*Lady Borden.*"

"For Pete's sake! What's Lady Borden doing in this argument?" demanded Elmer.

"Nothing," answered Elsie calmly, "except that it's a most superior name for a most superior ice cream—new and altogether superior *Lady Borden Ice Cream.* Folks keep saying it's fit for a golden spoon!"

"I don't want any doggoned golden spoon," grumped Elmer.

"Oh, but Daddy," twinkled Beulah, "you *would* if it were heaped with Lady Borden Ice Cream. It's the smoothest, creamiest, *swooniest* ice cream! Made with utterly, utterly divine ingredients . . . sweet, golden cream; de-licious fruits; glorious flavorings—"



"STOP!", bellowed Elmer. "All this female *ya-ta-ta* about Borden's is having an influence on *my* personality—it's driving me mad."

"You're not the only one," teased Elsie. "Every day more and more folks go mad about *Borden's Hemo!* It's the most luscious chocolaty drink you ever set lips to! And so wonderfully good for everyone."

"Says *you*," sneered Elmer.

"Say I and lots of diet experts," corrected Elsie. "Just two glasses of Hemo made with milk supply a full day's needs of Vitamins A, B, B_2, (G), D, Niacin, and vital minerals, too—Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus!"

"Now listen, woman," boomed Elmer, "we *were* talking about the influence a name might have on *my* son's personality."

— if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

"You were, dear," said Elsie. *"I* was talking about Hemo, and what a delightful, satisfying drink it is—hot or cold. I was going to tell you, also, that Hemo now comes in *two* forms—powder and liquid."

"For two cents," moaned Elmer, "I'd go to the club and take my son with me. But how can I introduce him?"

"You might introduce him as 'Borden' till he gets his own name," giggled Elsie. "Borden is always good—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

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MUSHROOM STUFFING

Flavorful fixin' for your Holiday Bird

★ RECIPE ★

2 4-oz. cans Mushrooms (Stems and Pieces)
3 qts. stale bread cubes
1 tsp. poultry seasoning
1 tbsp. salt 1 cup butter
½ cup minced onions

Combine canned Mushrooms and liquid, bread crumbs, poultry seasoning, salt. Sauté onions in butter until tender. Combine with seasoned bread crumbs and Mushrooms. Mix thoroughly. Enough stuffing for a 12 lb. turkey. Fine for chicken, too!

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FLINT CAN OPENER?

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The Flint Can Opener is a great improvement over these old style "wall wobblers."

Because its frame is rigid, die cast; thus, cannot wobble.

The driving gear is the new "comet tail"—designed to grip the can better, thus turn faster.

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FLINT *precision made by EKCO* **CAN OPENER**

The Epicure

CHICKEN A LA MADRID

By MME. VICTOR HUGO

THERE is nothing more evocative than food. There is something about aroma, smells and taste which have a great power in bringing back memories of happy days. One of the most charming vacations I ever had was in the Pyrenees, that lovely range of mountains which hang in the balance between France and Spain. I stayed in an inn where the cuisine was very Spanish and excellent. The most memorable "piece de resistance" served there was chicken a la Madrid.

When I want to think back to those pleasant weeks long ago, I get busy in my kitchen and prepare this dish for my friends. The ingredients are many but actually it's a very simple meal to prepare.

- 1 chicken (about 2 lbs., cleaned)
- 1 cup Spanish oil
- Salt and pepper
- ¼ lb. butter
- 1 onion
- 3 cups pearl rice
- ½ lb. shrimps
- 6 clams, steamed
- 12 mussels, parboiled
- 3 squids, parboiled
- 6 sprigs chopped parsley
- 2 pinches laurel herbs
- ½ cup fresh green peas
- 2 pimientos
- 1 tsp. Spanish saffron

Maria Hugo, Born the Princess Ruspoli in Rome, Italy, Married the Great-Nephew of the Famous French Author, Victor Hugo.

Place the chicken, smeared with Spanish oil in a heavy skillet and brown lightly. Then place it in a casserole and allow to simmer to a golden brown, adding a pinch of salt and pepper. Simmer with butter.

Put hot water into casserole just covering the chicken and allow it to cook about 15 minutes.

In another casserole simmer the chopped onion in butter until tender and add three cups of rice, 1 tbsp. salt and 2 tsps. pepper.

Stir this for several minutes and add the chicken and water (bouillon) from your first casserole.

When the rice becomes tender add the shrimps (whole), and the prepared clams and mussels. The squids are then added after making sure they are well cooked. Add finely chopped parsley, laurel herbs, half cup fresh green peas, two sliced pimientos, and saffron powder.

Place the casserole in a moderate oven and heat until brown.

Winter Pattern

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3158—Crocheted squares, in pineapple design, to decorate your home. Use as doilies or join for scarfs, cloths; No. 30 cotton or string. Directions are included.

Price of each pattern 20 CENTS (in coins). Print plainly SIZES, STYLE NUMBER, NAME, ADDRESS. Send orders to: THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, Pattern Department, Box 206, Station F, Brooklyn 26, New York.

Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

MOM, MUST I MISS THE "BIG GAME"?

JUST TO STAY HOME AND GET SOMETHING READY FOR THE BUNCH TO EAT AFTERWARDS?

HEAVENS, NO, SUE, HERE'S AN EASY WAY TO GO ALONG WITH THE CROWD AND HAVE A GOOD AFTER-THE-GAME PARTY, TOO

"Prepare a nice big tuna salad, which you can put away in the refrigerator. Make some bread-and-butter sandwiches and cover them with a damp cloth to keep them from drying out. Get some potato chips, pickles and olives ready. And then have Jack stop on the way home from the game and get ice cream for dessert. What could be simpler?"

There's just one thing to add: be sure to use these famous quality tunas!

VAN CAMP SEA FOOD CO., INC.
Terminal Island, California

CAKES-2¢

- 2 minutes from package to oven!
- Makes 12 tempting cakes . . . so easy . . . can't fail!

RECIPE

Thrifty new Dromedary Mix makes delicious *cakes*, too! Just add egg and milk to Mix. Fill greased muffin tins ½ full. Add spoonful jam, then more batter till muffin tins are ¾ full. Bake 15-20 min., hot oven (425°). Serve warm-m! *Tomorrow?*

Dromedary Corn Muffin Mix

Finest you ever ate!

After 25 beware of DRY SKIN

ACT PROMPTLY TO ARREST IT —with the right care

FROM ABOUT 25 ON, the natural oil that keeps skin soft gradually decreases. Even before 40, a woman may lose as much as 20% of this oil.

Get replacement help from lanolin, the oil most like natural skin oil, with Pond's *lanolin-rich* Dry Skin Cream.

3 features give *special* softening aid: rich in lanolin; homogenized—to soak in better; has special emulsifier.

2-Point Softening Care . . .

Lanolin-Soften by Night—Work lanolin-rich Pond's Dry Skin Cream well over face, throat. Leave 5 to 15 minutes, or *all* night.

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Start now! *See* your skin respond to this lanolin-rich cream.

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***FREE**—For a sample of this rich in lanolin, homogenized Pond's Dry Skin Cream, send name and address to Pond's, Dept. 150-DG, Clinton, Connecticut.*

the FINAL TOUCH

By Sarey Young

WHAT is real beauty without the final touch—etiquette? Lovely as your voice, your carriage and make-up, your hairdo and figure and specially selected wardrobe may be, they lack meaning without manners.

For instance, how are you as a hostess? Do you greet your guests with genuine cordiality? Do you make them feel at home?

MANNERS are merely forethought. Are there plenty of towels in the bathroom, a face cloth, a new cake of soap for your guest? An added nicety for the feminine guest would be a supply of bath salts, talcuin powder, hand lotion, cologne and similar toilet articles.

The guest's bed should be comfortable with clean sheets and pillow cases, warm blankets. There should be a strong lamp for reading in the guest room, with a plentiful supply of books and magazines. Plenty of hangers in the closet are generally appreciated.

The perfect hostess respects the privacy of her guest, if he seems so inclined, but informs him of entertainment possibilities if he cares to participate.

NOW to turn the tables. Suppose you're the guest. Good manners and good sense should tell you you'll be more popular if you cause as little work and trouble for your hostess as possible. It's always courteous to bring her a box of candy or flowers, or, a basket of fruit or a book. If she has children, bring a toy or some small article for them.

Condense the amount of luggage you bring, both in quantity and size. One wardrobe suitcase that has several hangers to keep your dresses neat and room for lingerie and other items should be sufficient for a week-end stay—even longer.

The guest nobody ever invites again is the offender who "dog-ears" books, burns furniture with cigarettes, stands wet glasses on tables, leaves her room in cyclonic condition, is late for meals, leaves lipstick stains on napkins and towels and so forth. A little consideration—another name for good manners—wouldn't let you do such things. The ideal guest is ready for anything—or nothing. She fits her life to the plans of her hostess.

IF YOUR hostess has no servants, don't burden her with extra duties. Keep your room in order and help out around the house. If she's fortunate enough to have maid service, tip the maid two to five dollars for your week-end stay. Do the tipping privately before leaving the house.

If you're the guest at an evening's party, always greet your hostess first. Here's how to enter a room: pause imperceptibly on the threshold to get your bearings. Your hostess should come to meet you, but if she doesn't, you go to her. Don't make the entrance a big stage production, but on the other hand don't rush headlong into the room pausing in confusion later.

THE well-mannered guest never becomes boisterous at a party. Though good-natured participation in the party activities is due your hostess, you need never lose your poise.

Your "good-bye" should be as planned as your entrance. You thank your hostess for the pleasant time you have had. Don't keep her standing in the open doorway while you think of last-minute chitchat. Be off with you!

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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- ☐ (3) Care of Precious Eyes
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- ☐ (7) Hand Care
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ADVERTISEMENT

food tips

AND OTHER TIMELY HINTS

BY Betty Crocker

Minneapolis—Nov. 21. Here are tips for making your Thanksgiving meals delicious and food conserving. Recipes in this adv. food column thoroughly tested by our General Mills food staff—to help you avoid failures and waste.

TURKEY TIPS: *Family small? Why not roast a* half *turkey? Less wasteful; more meat, less bone per pound. Clean, truss. Prepare 1 cup stuffing per lb. Put on waxed paper in shallow pan (broiler pan fine). Place bird over stuffing. Tuck in edges, to keep stuffing moist. Brush skin with melted, unsalted fat. Roast in mod. slow oven (325°). See how savory, moist, delicious!*

A "honey" for Thanksgiving!

If you want to win praises, serve this Honey Pumpkin Pie. Honey gives it a deliciously different flavor . . . smooth, creamy-rich texture.

Beat together with rotary beater . . .

- 1¾ cups mashed cooked pumpkin (½ of No. 2½ can)
- 1½ cups milk
- 2 eggs
- ⅓ cup brown sugar (packed in cup)
- ⅓ cup honey
- ½ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- ½ tsp. ginger
- ½ tsp. nutmeg
- ¼ tsp. cloves

Pour into pastry-lined 9-in. pie plate. Bake in mod. hot oven (400°) 40 to 45 min. (or until silver knife inserted into side of filling comes out clean; center is soft but will "set" later).

This "de luxe" filling calls for flaky tender pastry, with the undercrust crisp and golden brown. That's exactly the kind you'll get with Gold Medal *"Kitchen-tested"* Enriched Flour and pastry shell recipe in the sack. Gold Medal, you know, is tested time and again. Our food staff gives it a final test under home baking conditions. This dependable flour and our tested recipes eliminate baking failures . . . avoid waste. Why not use both *regularly?*

• • •

CONSERVATION NOTE: Here's a hearty dish that's an excellent meat-stretcher . . . savory Noodle Goulash. A thrifty main dish *whenever your budget is low.* See how easy.

Noodle Goulash: Simmer for 20 min. 1 pkg. "Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients" in 2½ cups boiling water. Meanwhile brown 1 large onion, finely chopped (about 1 cup) in 2 tbsp. fat or drippings. Add ½ lb. ground beef. Cook over low heat until brown. Blend in ¼ cup Gold Medal Flour, ½ cup cooked tomatoes, ¼ tsp. salt, and the cooked soup. Simmer 10 to 15 min. Pour into serving dish and top with ½ cup buttered crumbs. Serves 6. (Can be reheated.)

"More delicious than ever!" *That's what people say about our Vegetable Noodle Soup. Most flavor has been added to its tasty golden broth, creamy egg noodles and 7 garden vegetables. To prepare, just add "Betty Crocker Vegetable Noodle Soup Ingredients" and a little butter to boiling water. Simmer, serve. 4 to 6 savory bowlfuls in each package.*

• • •

Extra-delicious meals in far less time

Letter after letter tells us that foods taste far more delicious cooked in the new General Mills Pressure*Quick* Saucepan! Inexpensive cuts of meat come out more tender, juicy. Vegetables brighter-colored, with a garden-fresh flavor.

With this Pressure*Quick* Saucepan, you actually cook with *less water.* Nourishing food values are conserved. Tempting flavor and aroma can't escape. Our *Guide to Pressure Cooking* gives recipes for foods that cook *better* the Pressure*Quick* way. When cooking time is up, in most cases just push the Slide Release. Pressure reduces quickly, safely.

Other special features: Pressure*Quick* Saucepan can be opened and closed with one hand. Cover seals itself. Automatic safety vents. Saves up to 60% fuel. Do look for the General Mills Pressure*Quick* Saucepan at your dealer's *soon.*

BRIGHTEN BREAKFAST with this sparkling tasteteaser. Serve sliced bananas with chilled red cranberry juice poured over them. A tempting flavor combination. And the tart juice keeps bananas from darkening.

Another breakfast treat: big bowls of golden Cheerios and milk. Cheerios are shaped like little doughnuts. Crisp, crunchy morsels, with a refreshing, slightly salty flavor. This wholesome new cereal is highly nutritious, too. Made of oats, richest of all cereal grains in vitamin B1. And ready-to-eat—such a convenience at breakfast time! Why not serve this delicious cereal often?

Betty Crocker of General Mills

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You'll discover the difference, too—the first time you take a Swan bath. Swan's "super-creamed blend" gives you *more* suds—lively, *creamy* suds that go after dirt and grime—and cleanse your skin *so thoroughly*.

It's a difference *you'll* thrill to! Thanks to its "super-creamed blend," Swan rinses away *so completely*—there's none of that taut, oversoaped feeling. Swan is so gentle to your skin, too—mild as fine castiles.

Another wonderful difference of Swan's "super-creamed blend"! See how pure, white Swan saves you work! Does away with excessive, unsightly bathtub ring; cuts down soap-dish "goo."

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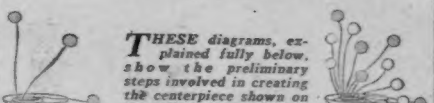
It's Fun to Go Shopping in the Advertising Pages of The American Weekly. In Each Issue Famous Companies Tell You About Their Newest Products Which Help Make for Pleasanter Living.

HOLIDAY *Centerpieces*

By Doris Denison



THESE diagrams, explained fully below, show the preliminary steps involved in creating the centerpiece shown on the Thanksgiving table.

AUTUMN colors and autumn flowers, along with a dash of imagination, provide the raw materials for brilliant Thanksgiving centerpieces.

Chrysanthemums, asters, and dahlias are available in yellow, bronze, pink, white, and soft red. Use flame-colored tritomas, Chinese lantern flowers, bittersweet berries, and straw flowers to add a warm note.

Color Scheming

SEVERAL colors can be effectively worked together, or you may wish to combine intensities of one color in an interesting way, such as chrysanthemums ranging from pale yellow to orange-red or bronze; asters from pale pink to rosy purple hues, or straw flowers in yellow, orange, and orange-red.

Bronze or brass containers are especially suitable for a Thanksgiving centerpiece, or you might use a carved-out squash, pumpkin, or large gourd and hide a water container inside.

Triangle Arrangement

AS in any good design, an artistic flower arrangement must have unity, balance, proportion, and rhythm. The triangular arrangement is a simple, modern style which has become very popular. The accompanying sketches show how to make such an arrangement using one dozen yellow and bronze chrysanthemums. The tallest flower should be one and one-half times the diameter of the low container, but not tall enough to interfere with dinner conversation.

To be sure the arrangement doesn't topple over, the needle holder for the flowers should be fastened to the bottom of the bowl with florist's clay, and hidden later with leaves.

Insert longest stemmed flowers first (as shown in the two small illustrations) to form the backbone of the design. Then fill in the sides of the triangle with the shorter flowers, and place the darkest, heaviest flowers at the base of the arrangement. Neither leaves nor stems should overlap. Remove all leaves which might decay below water level.

Other interesting arrangements can be made which follow the curve of a crescent or a large "S". Save your smallest flowers for the tips of the curves, and use the natural rhythmic lines of the flower stems to best advantage.

For a large asymmetrical Thanksgiving arrangement, combine yellow and bronze mums and pompons.

Vegetable Displays

AN ingenious New York designer and authority on table settings creates unusual arrangements with vegetables.

To make one of them, place a large cabbage in the center of your table and surround it with raw carrots, potatoes, green corn and several sprigs of green leaves. Top the cabbage with green leaves and stand a pair of Pilgrim figures near by.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Please send these Sweet 'n Neat Twins, at 2 for 5.50 (2.88 for one) plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not fully satisfied I may return purchase within 10 days for refund. (You save C.O.D. fee by enclosing purchase price, plus 20c postage. Same refund privilege.)

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